

With Bat & Ball



George Giffen



FOSTER & MARTIN,

G. GIFFEN.

MELBOURNE.

Frontispiece.

WITH
BAT AND BALL

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS'
REMINISCENCES
OF
AUSTRALIAN AND ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN
CRICKET

BY
GEORGE GIFFEN

WITH
HINTS TO YOUNG CRICKETERS
ON
BATTING, BOWLING AND FIELDING

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TO THE
CRICKETING ASSOCIATIONS
OF
NEW SOUTH WALES, VICTORIA,
AND
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

PREFACE

THE suggestion has often been made to me that I should write reminiscences of my fairly long cricket career, and since my return from England I have penned them. One has had a wide field to traverse, extending as it does over a quarter of a century, and including some four hundred first-class matches. In the following pages I have not attempted to write a consecutive narrative of Australian cricket events for the past twenty-five years: for five years I played in very few first-class games. I have not even sought to describe all the games in which I have participated. Neither is this an autobiography. What I have done is to write some of my recollections of great matches, splendid achievements, and curious incidents which have come under my ken. If the reader would like more details and figures than I have placed before him, I would refer him to his excellent "Wisden," his admirable "Lillywhite," or the more recent Australian "Davis." For myself, I am not fond of figures; they are apt to become wearisome. The

writing of these reminiscences and reflections has been an intense pleasure to me, for it has enabled me to fight over again many stirring contests; and if the perusal of them should give the reader one-half as much satisfaction, then will the labour expended in my task not have been wasted.

I have to sincerely acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend, Mr. Clarence Moody, whose cricket writings in *The South Australian Register* under the *nom de plume* of "Point" are well known, for having compiled all the figures in the following pages, and also for the great assistance he has afforded me in the preparation of the body of this work.

GEORGE GIFFEN.

ADELAIDE,

August 2, 1897.

PREFATORY NOTE

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHEFFIELD.

TO THE PUBLISHERS.

GENTLEMEN,

The proof-sheets of Giffen's book which you have so kindly sent, reached me safely. I have read them with very great interest, and feel sure the book will be a success. I heartily wish the work a large circulation. It will certainly add fresh laurels to Giffen's name.

I am,

Yours truly,

SHEFFIELD.

NICE, Nov. 26, 1897.

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CHAPTER I

MY YOUNG DAYS

ADELAIDE, the capital of South Australia, is the city of my nativity, and I was born on March 27, 1859. Like the vast majority of Australian boys, I began to take an interest in cricket almost before the days of pot-hooks and hangers had ceased, and long before I was old enough to become a member of a properly constituted club. School closed for the day, several of us would scamper off to a corner of the beautiful park lands with which Adelaide is surrounded. A nail-can or a kerosene tin, or if, as often happened, older boys had monopolised all the stray "tins," the trunk of a eucalyptus-tree for a wicket, a piece of stick (round or square, what mattered it?) for a bat, and a small indiarubber ball comprised our cricket tools. How happy were we boys, and how rapidly the hours flew by! Day after day during the summer months were play-hours thus spent, and many was the scrape I got into when, driven home by the darkness, I found all the tea-things cleared away.

In due course I found my way into the school eleven, and acquitted myself creditably in the boyish contests of which no records are extant. Then came still happier days in the early 'seventies, when Charlie Gooden, of the Norwood Club, took me with him to assist in the practice of his team. My assistance for a long time consisted in flying hither and thither about the long field; but what boy could have been happier than I, ministering to the needs of some of the leading players in our city? At last, towards the end of the long, hot afternoons, when the men were beginning to tire, I would pluck up courage to pick up an idle ball and bowl for a little while; and then they began to give me an occasional knock. It was then that my style as a batsman was moulded. There were no professional coaches in Adelaide in those days; but no old-world professional could have been keener to make the youngster stand well up, and play with a straight bat, than were Charles and James Gooden, Will Whitridge, Sam Morcom, and C. W. Wren of the Norwoods, and the astonishing success of that club during a long series of years was largely due to the sound advice given to the rising generation by the quintette I have mentioned. I suppose I must have shown them some signs of promise, because they asked me while I was yet but a lad to play for the second eleven.

Early in 1874, a little more than two years after the formation of the Adelaide Oval, Adelaide was favoured

with its first visit from an English Eleven—that one of which the matchless W. G. was the central figure. How vividly I remember the feeling of pride which animated me when I was permitted, prior to the commencement of the match, to send along an occasional ball to the distinguished English batsman, not for one moment dreaming that ere ten years had passed over my head I should have bowled many an over at W. G. in serious, though friendly, conflict. Never in my life, however, did I try more earnestly to secure a wicket than I did when bowling at Grace's team in practice, but I had to be content then with getting an odd ball past the striker without once hitting the sticks, and pleased enough was I even with that measure of success.

That match between Grace's famous Eleven and 22 of South Australia will long live in the memory of those who witnessed it. The wickets produced on the Adelaide Oval at that time were rough and not even remotely suggestive of the excellence which was to be attained in later years, and 23 by Greenwood was the highest individual score of the game. W. G. sadly disappointed the eager thousands who thronged the ground expecting to see the most wonderful batsman in the world make mincemeat of our bowlers. His sensational dismissal in the first innings is still fresh in my memory. He had notched only three, when he made a mighty hit, and Alexander Crooks, standing on the edge of the boundary, leant backwards and brought off

a magnificent one-hand catch. The champion questioned whether he had been caught *within* the playing space, but the umpire decided against him. Verily there were hundreds among the spectators who, much as a victory for the 22 would have gratified them, wished that that umpire could have given his decision in W. G.'s favour.

It is a curious coincidence that when, after the lapse of nearly eighteen years, W. G. once more appeared on the Adelaide Oval as a member of Lord Sheffield's team, he should again have been the victim of a marvellous catch. On this occasion instead of being a spectator I happened to be one of his opponents, and it was off my own bowling that, when he had made one, he tried to hit a ball over the boundary at square leg. Like many other visiting batsmen he found the distance to the ring farther than he had reckoned; moreover, he did not get well hold of the ball, which he skied to a tremendous height. Jack Reedman, one of the surest "country" fields it has ever been my pleasure to play with, was stationed within a yard or so of the boundary, whence, running in fully twenty-five yards, he just managed to reach out his left hand and clutch the descending ball. W. G. afterwards told me that it was one of the most extraordinary catches he had ever seen, and he was probably not far wrong when he added, with one of his characteristic chuckles, "I think, though, it was a bit of a fluke." We have all seen the ball from many a terrific drive or sharp cut close a fieldsman's hands upon impact,

but rarely, I venture to think, would a ball descending from such a height as it did upon this occasion be held.

In the second innings in 1874 the mighty batsman was bowled for one, so that the spectators' cup of disappointment was filled to the brim. Our men were beaten by 36 runs. What struck me most forcibly about the play in that match was the pitiable helplessness of most of our batsmen against the tricky bowling of Southerton, who, in the first innings, captured 13 wickets for only 24 runs; but it must be borne in mind that until then they had never had to cope with first-class bowling.

With the Norwood second eleven I played until the season of 1875-76. Then I managed to score 125 in one match, amongst my opponents being "Charley," now the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, Q.C., Premier of South Australia, who has often, after watching a long innings of mine in later years, reminded me of the weary time I gave him and the other South Adelaides on a certain Saturday afternoon in 1876.

That century, the first made for the Norwood Club, secured my promotion, in my seventeenth year, to the first eleven. But I was quickly to discover that there is no royal road to cricket fame. In innings after innings I failed utterly and completely. My brothers and sisters who, when I had notched the century, had thought I was already a star cricketer, became sceptical regarding my ability. I was no longer their hero, and, as duck's egg

after duck's egg fell to my lot, I could not face them with the news of my disgrace. Instead, therefore, of going in to tea on the Saturday evenings I would sit on the top-most rail of the fence of the park lands, brooding over my troubles until after dark, and then would steal on tip-toe into my room, and, supperless, stifle my worries in sleep. At last I broke the spell of my misfortune, but my average for that season was only 7.

Now, at this distance of time, I wish to express the gratitude I felt then for the encouragement bestowed upon me by the older members of the club. Had they dropped me like a hot potato, I could not have been surprised, but in the next season they persevered with me, and I was able in a slight measure to reward them by averaging 18.91 with the bat and leading the Association bowling figures with a record of 3.88 for 27 wickets. Looking at W. O. Whitridge's Guide, published at the close of that season, I find that he said of me: "Giffen's brilliant batting has been the theme of admiration on several occasions. His style is perfect, and if he only uses a little more judgment, his cricketing career will be a rosy one." Those words were naturally a great incentive to me.

Towards the end of that season—1876-77—I played in my first really important match, for an eleven of South Australia against a strong team sent to Adelaide from Victoria by the East Melbourne Club. They defeated us by two wickets; but the game was a memorable one for



E. HAWKINS & CO.,

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BRIGHTON.



SOLOMAN,

G. GIFFEN AT THE AGE OF 18,

AGELAIDE.



SCOTT & BARRY,

E. JONES,

ADELAIDE

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SAHONY,

T. HORAN.

SCARDROUGH,

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me, because I was fortunate enough to be the highest scorer in each innings, though my contributions amounted to no more than 16 and 14. My bowling, however, was unsuccessful, the analysis reading: 6 overs, no maidens, 24 runs, no wickets. In that contest I made the acquaintance of Tommy Horan and Harry Boyle, who five years later were to be amongst my comrades in a trip round the world.

A fortnight later came participation in a still more important event, but not with the same encouraging degree of personal success. James Lillywhite's powerful professional Eleven was amongst us, and I reached what was then the pinnacle of my ambition by being chosen as one of the South Australian 22. My introduction to international cricket was attended with disaster, for in my only innings (the match was drawn) Alfred Shaw clean bowled me before I could make a run.

Shaw obtained a poor average in that engagement, Allan Hill, with his fast deliveries, taking 10 wickets for 9 runs; but the former's bowling left the greater impression upon my mind. A few months earlier, in the same season, Alfred had, against our 22, captured 21 wickets for 37 runs, and at practice, as well as in the match, I had marvelled at the accuracy of his length, and the masterly way in which he varied the pitch of the ball according to the play of the batsman. I remember going out one evening after the Englishmen had concluded their practice and finding on the pitch, which was rather

soft that day, a patch about the size of a small saucer that the balls sent down by the great Notts bowler had worn. Shaw's bowling had a great influence upon my future as a trundler. I then and there determined that I must become proficient in the art of varying the flight of my bowling, and withal maintaining a good length, before I could hope to achieve success against high-class batsmen.

George Ulyett was the great batsman of that English Eleven, and, in compiling 58 against us, he gave the grandest exhibition of hard hitting which had been seen in Adelaide; indeed I question if we saw it equalled until many years later, when Jack Lyons had fully developed his hitting powers. At practice the Yorkshireman's hitting was even more terrific than in the match. I recollect his trying a new bat which disappointed him. A few minutes of his tremendous driving knocked the face of the blade almost out of recognition. Turning to a young fellow who was standing behind the net, Ulyett handed him the bat, saying, "Ah doan't think much o' t'bat, laad. Taak it away."

"What shall I do with it?" asked the young fellow.

"Taak it yourself, laad. Ah doan't want it," was Ulyett's reply, and a look of blended astonishment and joy crept over the recipient's countenance. Doubtless that bat was cherished for many a year as a memento of the celebrated and generous batsman.

During the season 1877-78 I met with tolerable

success in club matches, and I find one innings of 99 thus commented upon in a Guide published at the time : " Undoubtedly this was the finest innings of the season. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say it was the most brilliant one ever played in South Australia." Nevertheless, my batting average for that season was only 16·46, while for 34 wickets my bowling record was 8·5, the wickets having improved vastly since 1876-77, when I had averaged under 4 runs per wicket. Amongst our local players at that time was Lieut.-Colonel Fitzroy, now Earl of Euston. The Lieut.-Colonel, who was serving in the local military forces, was a most enthusiastic player—a vigorous batsman, and a rather fast bowler—but he never attained first-class rank amongst cricketers.

Having done fairly well against a Tasmanian Eleven in the only match which has been played between South Australia and the Island Colony, I was selected as one of the South Australian Eighteen to oppose the pioneer Australian Eleven, then on its way to invade the cricket grounds of England. Frank Spofforth gave us a taste of the quality he was so soon to display in the Old Country; and numbered amongst his victims was myself, clean bowled in each innings for 3—0. My bowling in one innings, however, was fairly successful, 3 wickets falling to me for 30 runs, and I felt very proud when Horan, the top scorer, was caught off me, but in their second try he and Alec Bannerman, with their stonewalling, defied

all our bowlers, and the Eleven won with 9 wickets in hand.

In my twentieth year I captured 55 wickets in club matches at a cost of slightly over 5 runs apiece, but my batting average was only 11. A printed commentary upon my play at this time I quote, because in the light of subsequent events it is rather amusing. It was then written: "Giffen plays too recklessly occasionally, and treats bowlers with too much levity."

I failed most completely when playing in this season for a South Australian eighteen against Lord Harris's Eleven. My lot was neither to take a wicket nor to score a run in either innings, the only occasion, I believe, during my career on which I have had to wear a batsman's spectacles.

A fortnight afterwards, against the returned 1878 Australian Eleven, I notched 25 in the first try, but failed in the second. We won this match—the first victory we had gained against a powerful visiting team—by 20 runs. Spofforth accomplished a splendid bowling feat in the game, taking in the two innings no fewer than 19 wickets for only 31 runs. He bowled at a great pace, but the fame of his grand performances in England had preceded him, and some of us were out before we went in, a paradoxical statement well understood by cricketers. Our success was mainly due to the splendid all-round play of Jesse Hide, the Sussex player, who at the commencement of that season had been engaged by the

South Australian Cricketing Association as curator of the Adelaide Oval. Hide not only made most runs for us, but dismissed 6 of the Australians for 38 runs.

I think sometimes, nowadays, that many South Australians forget what they owe to Hide. The first task he set himself upon his arrival in Adelaide was to improve the quality of the wickets on the Adelaide Oval, and his English experience of the preparation of turf pitches soon enabled him, in a climate which, given plenty of water, was in every way suitable, to produce wickets which became a theme of admiration for all visiting teams. As a coach, too, Hide was of the utmost service to South Australian cricketers. His accurate length bowling, and the wise hints which accompanied it, vastly improved the play of our batsmen who also had before them, in his watchful batting, an excellent model.

This season was, in another respect, a memorable one in the annals of South Australian cricket, for we realised that in Arthur Jarvis, then a lad of eighteen years, we had a great wicket-keeper. Against the Australian Eleven he stumped three men and caught one—a performance which secured for him warm encomiums from Dave Gregory, Blackham, and others of the team which had just returned from England.

CHAPTER II

INTERCOLONIAL MATCHES

VICTORIA *v.* SOUTH AUSTRALIA

UNLESS an English Eleven happens to be touring through the colonies, the only opportunities Australian cricketers have of playing in matches of first-class quality, according to English standard, are when the representatives of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia meet on the greensward. These colonies arrange home and home matches, and New South Wales and Victoria play respectively, once each season, teams from Queensland and Tasmania, but neither of the latter colonies can yet place an eleven in the field which can be regarded as strictly first class. The time may not be far distant, in a country possessing such possibilities of expansion, when all these five colonies may play home and home matches with each other, but for some time our leading players must be content with their six or eight innings a season in high class company. In these personal recollections, one, of course, has nothing to do with the stirring series



H. P. ROLFE,

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN QUARTETTE.

J. DARLINO.

G. GIFFEN.

C. HILL.

E. JONES.

PHILADELPHIA.



KERRY & CO.,

THE LARGEST SCORING BOARD IN THE WORLD. SYDNEY ASSOCIATION GROUND.

SYDNEY.

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of contests which have taken place between New South Wales and Victoria; although, as one of the selectors of Australian Elevens, it has been my duty during recent years to watch occasional games between these colonies. My observations must be confined to the engagements in which South Australians have played their parts.

The first intercolonial match in which South Australians participated was played in Adelaide early in the season 1874-75. Our players were very anxious to measure their skill against the Victorians, our nearest neighbours, but they dared not venture upon the enterprise even-handed, for the players of the other colony had had far more experience against English Elevens. Therefore they came to Adelaide with a fairly strong team, played eighteen of our men, and won with 15 runs to spare, the tricky bowling of Sam Cosstick, then the crack bowler of Victoria, sorely puzzling our batsmen. In the next season, again, a Victorian Eleven was brought to Adelaide, but it was not the best team which could have been chosen, and our eighteen defeated the visitors by an innings and 70 runs—Will Whitridge in one innings securing 8 wickets for 10 runs. Thus far I had been only a looker-on, eager for more knowledge of the game I loved beyond all others.

Owing to the time occupied in travelling from Melbourne to Adelaide, for the journey of 500 miles had then to be done by sea, and that, too, in a small coasting steamer, five years were allowed to elapse before our

Association could induce the Victorian Association to agree to meet us every season. The 69 runs' victory eighteen of us had achieved against the 1880 Australian Eleven gave us an argument with which to support our challenge to play the Victorians on level terms; and at last, early in the succeeding season, was played the first of what has proved to be an uninterrupted series of contests. We had to proceed to Melbourne, and, most of us never having been to sea before, a lively time we had of it in the coasting steamer, some of the party not moving from their cabins from the time of departure until we reached the comparatively smooth water of Hobson's Bay. The warmth of the Victorian welcome, however, made us forget the discomforts of the journey.

In those days the arrival of an intercolonial cricket team in Melbourne, Sydney, or Adelaide, was quite a public event. Large crowds, headed by a reception committee, would meet the visitors, drags would be in readiness, and after a drive through the principal streets the guests would be landed at the Town Hall, where the Mayor would formally welcome them. Thus were we received in Melbourne in 1880, and for many subsequent years were travelling intercolonial teams similarly honoured. Then there came upon the scene a more than usually practically minded Association Secretary, and all these ceremonies were abolished, for which I am inclined to think cricketers are not the least thankful. The journeys even nowadays, when the iron horse rattles us

along from one city to the other in less than twenty hours, are wearisome enough, and one is glad upon arrival to be allowed to quietly hurry to the luxurious bath.

However, to return to this match of 1880. We were sanguine of success, as with Blackham, Boyle, Palmer, McDonnell, and Midwinter away with the Australian Eleven, the Victorian team was not thoroughly representative. We had a really strong eleven, including Hide of Sussex, and W. Slight, who had only recently changed his residence from Melbourne to Adelaide, and was one of our best batsmen. A rude shock, however, awaited us. We began splendidly, but when Horan, at that time without a superior in Australia, unless it were Billy Murdoch, became set, our bowling was severely handled. Horan made 113, and the total reached 329. Dispirited by our non-success in the field our fellows made a shocking show when they went in to bat. Indeed, if it had not been for one of those desperate, happy-go-lucky innings from Bullough, the tenth man, who made 26, the score—which did reach 77—would have been under 50. The fact that Bullough could make runs showed that the batsmen of the team had magnified the terrors of the bowling; and when we followed on we played in more like true form, and compiled the highly creditable score of 314, towards which Slight contributed 70, while I made 63. We were beaten by 7 wickets.

That season a return match was played at Adelaide, but the Victorian team was again non-representative,

Horan this time being among the absentees, while we were strengthened by the addition of Affy Jarvis, who had come home from his first English tour. This game should be marked with red letters in one famous players' book of records. I allude to Harry Boyle, with whose deeds as a bowler every one is familiar. But it was as a batsman that he shone against us by brilliantly hitting up 108 out of 191 in the first innings, thus making the one century of his life in first-class cricket. We made a very good fight until the last day, when we had the misfortune to find the wicket sticky, and a loss by 151 runs was debited to us.

Having been defeated twice in one season, we had small hope of home and home games being continued; and, as a matter of fact, for ten years afterwards only one match a season was played, each colony sending across an eleven to the other in alternate years. I missed the third match, being on my way to England with the Australian Eleven—as were several of the best of the Victorian players. South Australia won by 31 runs.

A game memorable on account of a record low score was played in March, 1883, when we went to Melbourne. The Victorians evidently meant giving us a thorough trial, for we found all their crack players in the team pitted against us. Nevertheless, when we got in first on a good wicket, we hoped to make a respectable show, but instead, disaster after disaster happened in the most inexplicable fashion. Boyle and Palmer were in their

best form, yet they should never have got us out for so ridiculous a score as 23. I have often seen batsmen fail on sticky wickets, yet, in all my experience, I never saw a sorrier procession than I did on that 24th day of March, 1883, unless it was on the occasion of the two disasters which happened to the Australian Eleven at Lord's in 1896. Noel, one of the best all-round cricketers South Australia has had, and one whose claims for inclusion in the 1882 Australian Eleven had been strongly urged, played the bowling easily enough, but the rest of us fell like ninepins, and Noel's 18 out of a total of 23 is, I venture to think, unique as a record in first-class cricket. This score, being the lowest recorded in an important match in Australia, will bear reproduction.

LOWEST SCORE IN AN AUSTRALIAN FIRST-CLASS MATCH

SOUTH AUSTRALIA V. VICTORIA.

Played March, 1883.

G. Giffen, b Palmer	..	..	..	1
J. Noel, b Boyle	..	..	..	18
A. H. Jarvis, b Palmer	..	..	..	0
T. O. Richards, b Palmer	..	..	..	0
J. Hide, b Palmer	..	..	..	0
W. F. Giffen, c Palmer, b Boyle	..	..	..	0
F. King, run out	..	..	..	0
G. Watsford, c and b Boyle	..	..	..	2
J. E. Gooden, b Boyle	..	..	..	0
W. Knill, b Palmer	..	..	..	1
J. Quilty, not out	..	..	..	0
No ball	..	..	..	1
Total				23

We did well enough to get our opponents out for 200, but rain fell before we went in again, and our second innings' total reached only 79.

The next match again, in which, by the way, I did not take part, deserves mention amongst the remarkable games of the series, inasmuch as the Victorians going in with 368 runs between them and victory, accomplished their task with four wickets to spare, and nobody made a century either.

Having thus won so easily, the Victorians held us cheaply, and several years elapsed before they respected us and manifested their respect by putting their best elevens into the field against South Australia. In each of the next two seasons we won, though by only the narrow majorities of 53 and 40 runs.

The second of these matches witnessed the introduction to intercolonial cricket of Harry Trott, then in his nineteenth year, and a remarkably promising *début* he made. First of all he secured three of our wickets for 31 runs, and then scored 54 not out and 21. One thing he did in his first innings which I think established a record on the Adelaide Oval—although the same feat has since been accomplished—and that was to hit a ball from the centre over the heads of the people standing on the square leg boundary. Trott, on that occasion, played with all the coolness which has since characterised his batting, and he opened my eyes when he laid on to this particular ball, which I

had sent down to tempt him into a big hit. A ball has never been hit straight out of the playing area of the Adelaide Oval, but since Trott hit one over at square leg, Jack Lyons and Tom Garrett have effected a similar smite.

One of the most marvellous recoveries ever made by a side, occurred in the tenth match, played at Melbourne, in December, 1888. We had fairly outplayed a tolerably strong team, whose record in its second innings, with only two wickets to fall, represented eight wickets for 20 runs—surely a cheerless prospect for them. We were naturally indulging in dreams of an easy victory; but mark what happened. Horan was joined by J. E. Barrett. Horan's star was then waning, in fact this was his last season of intercolonial cricket, and as he had failed in the first innings, and Barrett was in the team as a bowler, we were not unreasonable in thinking that our troubles had nearly ended. They were, however, only just beginning. The key to the situation was, just as it has been in many another match, a missed chance—Horan skied a ball, which I, who was bowling, or two or three other men, could have reached, but we left it to mid-on. As the ball was descending, he pirouetted in trying to get a sight of it. Then he suddenly cried, "Take it, George!" but it was too late for me to move, and the ball fell harmlessly at his feet. After that Horan settled down, and Barrett gave us a foretaste of the stonewalling skill with which he was to weary English bowlers in 1890. I was bowling pretty

well that day, on a worn wicket too, but Horan and Barrett fairly got our measure, and in the end we were set 104 runs to win. Horan's 53 not out was as valuable an innings as he ever played. At six o'clock, when we had lost one wicket for 31, the Victorians asked me if I were willing to finish that night. The light being good, I consented, but in a few minutes 4 wickets had fallen for 19 more runs. Fortunately the light then became so bad that we were unable to proceed, but next morning things went worse than ever for us, and we lost by 15 runs. In this game I made my first century—135—in an intercolonial match away from Adelaide. In the ninth match, about ten months earlier, I had run up 166 on the home ground.

The contest played at Adelaide in December, 1889, is one in connection with which appears a black mark against me on the records. It was the occasion on which, when I had made 9, I refused to obey the Victorian umpire's adverse decision of "hit wicket." Our own umpire had decided an appeal for leg before against me. In making the stroke I slipped down, and while in the act of rising again, was said to have knocked the wicket with my foot, and a bail fell off. The fieldsman at cover appealed, and Mr. Flynn, of Victoria, gave me out. I knew, however, that I had not touched the wicket, and, moreover, I had got into my head the idea that the ball was dead, and that a second appeal could not be made, so I declined to leave the crease. The upshot of it was

that Jack Blackham, the Victorian captain, agreed to play on under protest, and I reached 85 before I was bowled by Hugh Trumble. Of course when, in my calmer moments afterwards, I realised that I had acted wrongly, no one regretted my action more than I did, and I was not sorry when our last wicket fell at the end of the match with the Victorians 18 runs to the good.

Jack Lyons gave Adelaide folks the first demonstration they had had in an important contest of his extraordinary powers as a hitter in the second innings of the match to which I have just been alluding. He has seldom hit more magnificently than he did then. The wicket at one end had crumbled very badly, and Hugh Trumble, who in the match took 15 wickets, was bowling grand break-backs, which were to the ordinary batsmen unplayable; but Lyons hit them, save for one mistake, unerringly, and with tremendous force. He made 134 out of 241.

We South Australians achieved our first really great performance against Victoria in the season 1890-91, as we defeated them by an innings and 62 runs, and that on their own ground, too. Our score was 472, of which my own contribution was 237. This victory created no little enthusiasm in Adelaide, and on our return we were publicly welcomed in the Town Hall, to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Shortly afterwards an address, signed by the Mayor of Adelaide, Mr. L.

Cohen, Sir Edwin Smith, and other leading citizens, together with a purse of sovereigns, was presented to me, bearing the following inscription :—

PRESENTED TO MR. GEORGE GIFFEN

In recognition of his valuable services to South Australian Cricket, in international, intercolonial, and club matches for many years, and more particularly for his score of 237 made against Victoria on January 1st, 2nd, 1891.

In 1891, on the day Lord Sheffield's team landed at Adelaide, we scored 562, the highest score South Australia has ever made. Jack Lyons played splendidly for 104. I made 271 and my brother Walter 65. Walter's innings ended in a most curious, if not an unique manner. I drove a ball straight back with all the force I could put behind the bat, and, before he could get out of the way, the ball struck the fingers of his right hand which were clasping the handle of the bat, so crushing them that he was unable to continue his innings.

South Australia had now passed through her cricket probation, and henceforth we were able to place in the field an eleven which had to be treated with respect by any team. We had a formidable array of players, including as it did Lyons, Reedman, and the two Jarvises, while Ernie Jones, the fast bowler, also appeared upon the scene. The severe thrashing we had inflicted upon the Victorians not only deterred them



FALK STUDIOS,

THE SHEFFIELD SHIELD.

SYDNEY.

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BRISBANE.

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from any longer taking liberties with us, but in 1892-93 led to our admission into full competition with Victoria and New South Wales, each colony agreeing henceforth to play home and home matches with the other two every season.

We did not commence those contests against Victoria very brilliantly, inasmuch as we lost both of them in the first season, one by 6 wickets and the other by 5. Victoria on each occasion was strongly represented. Until the last day of the first match we thought we had the game fairly in hand, but we had not then learned how dangerous a batsman was Harry Graham, who had come to the front during that season. A characteristic innings of 86 not out by him made us realise that another fine batsman had been developed, and enabled the Victorians to win by scoring 241 for 4 wickets.

A wonderful piece of bowling by Jim Phillips, the well-known Anglo-Australian umpire-cricketer, made the return match, played just before the 1893 Australian Eleven left for England, memorable. Having won the toss and gone in first, we confidently expected to make at least 350, but Phillips, bowling a marvellous length, secured 6 for 39 and we were all out for 242. Considering that the wicket was as perfect a one as ever was prepared on the Adelaide Oval, and one that rendered him not an atom of assistance, the great merit of this performance will be readily recognised.

The season of 1893-94 stands out boldly as the most successful South Australia has experienced, inasmuch as we won the right to hold the Earl of Sheffield's magnificent shield. We had, however, one is fain to admit, an ample share of Fortune's favour in our two matches against Victoria, because on each occasion I won the toss, and each time we were able to take advantage of the temporary experimental rule of declining to allow our opponents to follow on when they were more than 80 runs behind on the first innings.

A new star, in Joe Darling, now shone in the South Australian firmament. Darling had made his *débat* against New South Wales, and our first engagement with Victoria was his second opportunity. He at once gave undeniable manifestation of his skill by playing finely for 63 not out, the highest score in our first innings at Melbourne, while in the return match he batted even better for 87. The Victorians were delighted with him, and Harry Trott's remark after seeing him make the 87 was, "You've got another Harry Moses here, Giff." And he was about right. Darling should have been playing first-class cricket long before, and he would have been if the inexorable demands of business had not temporarily buried him alive in the back blocks of the country.

The return game of that season may be regarded as "Jones's" match. Reedman and Lyons each topped

the century, while Darling and myself each got into the 'eighties, but it was Jones who sensationally clinched our victory. "Jonah" had been playing with us for two seasons, without doing anything particularly remarkable, beyond causing endless amusement to the spectators by his quick and lively style of batting. Adelaide crowds as a rule are very quiet, and one does not hear one tithe of the barracking which is indulged in in Melbourne and Sydney, but the appearance of Jones with the bat was always the signal for a chorus of yells in which the one word distinguishable was "Jonah." When he lashed out, and his wicket fell for "nowt," as it did twice in this game, the good-humoured commiseration he received was most amusing. No harm was intended by the crowd; as a matter of fact Jones was, and still is, one of their idols, but he has often told me how the barracking unnerved him. In this very match he was standing at square leg, and an easy chance went towards him. Immediately the chorus began, and continued, until, at the second attempt, he made the catch. He came to me afterwards and said—

"Do you know, George, I was nearly missing it. How can you expect a fellow to catch with a lot of small boys howling at him?"

But to get back to Jones's bowling feat. When the last day opened, the Victorians, with 3 wickets down for 229, needed only 141 runs more to win, and as our

wicket-keeper had been injured by Jones we were not very sanguine about the result, not even when our fast bowler came down and told us that his wife had dreamt during the night that he was going to do the hat trick. As the wicket was a little worn at the end to which I had been bowling, I decided to change ends with Jones. The effect was electrical. Didn't he just make the sparks fly? He did not get his hat trick, but went awfully near it, for in his first four balls he clean bowled three batsmen, and later on two more fell victims to his express deliveries, while he caught one off me and threw out another, so that he had a hand in the dismissal of all 7 wickets which fell that morning. We won by 58 runs. That success was the making of Jones, and since then he has never looked back.

An excellent bowling performance in the same engagement was that of Charles McLeod, of Victoria, whose 9 wickets cost only 128 runs—a good record on the Adelaide Oval. He kept a splendid length, and bade fair to take Jim Phillips's place in Victoria as a length bowler, but the astonishing measure of success which attended his efforts during that season, and caused such high hopes to be entertained about him, has not been maintained.

The Victorian attack was then, has been since, and still is, weak. A Palmer or a Boyle would be worth his weight in gold to our nearest rivals. Albert

Trott was rich in promise, and I was exceedingly sorry for the sake of Australian cricket when I heard that he had decided to transfer his allegiance to an English county. Still, a young fellow cannot be blamed for trying to better his position. We nearly lost Jones subsequently, but our Association wisely made him an offer which retained his valuable services.

While one does not want unnecessarily to tread upon anybody's toes, one cannot help remarking that it is a pity, for many reasons, that an English county with such an extensive population has deemed it wise to, putting it colloquially, poach upon our preserves. However, the attractions which have led to Trott, Roche, and O'Halloran being engaged by the M.C.C. will doubtless lead to promising players who are left in Australia securing higher remuneration, and thus may soon grow up a class of purely professional cricketers.

A youngster who is now one of the celebrated players of the world made his bow in an intercolonial in 1894-95. I allude to Clem Hill, who in a match against Victoria, which we won by 10 wickets, shaped nicely for 21. Jack Blackham, real good judge that he is, spotted talent in the lad of 17½ years, and expressed his conviction that we had got hold of another great batsman.

Clem Hill contributed his first uncommonly good innings in top company in the return match with

Victoria. Harry Trott in that game played some of the finest cricket I have seen from his bat, and his 152 bulked large in the Victorians' score of 348. This total did not dismay us, but somehow things were all askew when we went in to bat. Lyons, Reedman, Darling, Jarvis, my brother, and myself could only make 30 between us on a beautiful wicket, and when Clem went in there were 7 wickets down for 32. The colt, in this dire emergency, instead of losing his nerve, as many an older player might have done, batted with the steadiness of a veteran, although, as only was to be expected, there were some light crudities in his manipulation of Harry Trott's slow leg breaks. Anyhow, his contribution of 33 saved us from utter disgrace. The Melbourne critics were enraptured with the boy's plucky batting, and forthwith he became a great favourite with the Melbourne crowds.

A magnificent piece of hitting by Lyons, who had been out of form and out of luck during that season, marked our follow-on. It had become a maxim among bowlers that they had only to bowl straight at the big fellow's legs to find an easy victim, and Charley McLeod and Hugh Trumble gave the theory plenty of trial on this day, but Jack "knocked the cover off the ball," and we had at the end of the afternoon reached 159 for 2 wickets, of which his share was over 90. We thought then that we were going to win, but a deluge on the next day spoilt our chance



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and we lost by 10 wickets. Lyons' score of 135 was almost free from blemish, and was certainly one of his best efforts.

An amusing incident terminated our innings. Jones was batting, and the ball, rising, found a lodgment in the breast-pocket of his shirt. Benevolently, but thoughtlessly, Jonah picked out the ball and handed it to Percy Lewis, the wicket-keeper, much to the amusement of the spectators who were not quite so guileless as the batsman.

I shall not forget in a hurry the deadly nature of Jones's bowling on a sticky wicket, in the second contest with Victoria, in the season 1895-96. The Victorians only made 43, and his analysis was 12 overs, 7 maidens, 15 runs, 6 wickets. His pace was terrific, and the batsmen were helpless as new-born babes. One writer was afterwards sarcastic at their expense, but I can assure him that it was no joke for a batsman to stand there, with the ball flying in all sorts of unexpected directions, at the pace of a lightning streak.

Now one has reached the match which caused such discussion last season on account of Trumble's bowling two wides to prevent South Australia following on. The wicket was in capital order, and one could understand the feelings of a side which saw a follow-on imminent for an eleven which included Lyons, Darling, and Hill, besides myself, and Lyons was in his most threatening form then, having played brilliantly for 70 in the first

innings. I must, however, confess that I was astonished when I saw Hughie Trumble, above all others, bowl two wides which were allowed to reach the boundary. It was the first occasion, I believe, upon which these tactics, which have made recent Oxford v. Cambridge matches notorious, had been resorted to in an intercolonial contest, and by nobody were they more stoutly condemned than by old cricketers and leading citizens in the Members' Reserve of the Melbourne Club. I don't think Trumble himself was particularly proud of his share in the incident. At any rate when he reached the pavilion and a friend remonstrated with him, he replied—

“I had to do it, old chap, but I wonder what my father will think of it.”

I was credibly informed afterwards that his father—a fine old sportsman—scorned to entertain the notion that the wides had been purposely bowled, adding, “Hughie was not brought up in that way.” He, however, forgot to make due allowance for the influence exerted on a player's feelings, in such an emergency, by the keen rivalry which exists between the colonies.

Our fellows and their supporters were exceedingly angry, but one of them, a prominent member of our Association, gave himself away in a most amusing manner. The incident was being discussed when he said—

“The Victorians ought to have been ashamed of

themselves for doing such a thing. It was the shabbiest bit of work I have ever seen done on the cricket field."

This remark, of course, was readily assented to, but he cut the ground from under his feet when he proceeded to add—

"Some of us wanted George to tell our last two men to get out, so that we could follow on, but he would not hear of it."

I must confess I don't like these tactics, and here I might say a word or two about the follow-on law from an Australian's point of view. I am not in favour of abolishing it, but we can see no great objection, if it must be altered, to increasing the statutory margin from 120 to 150. There may be more reason for the abolition of the law, with extended power of "declaring," in England, where matches are limited to three days, but in Australia, where all first-class matches are played right out, the abolition of Law 53 would have a prejudicial effect on the interests of the game. I look at it in this way. Our wickets as a rule last remarkably, but the weather is apt to change with startling suddenness. Suppose, for argument's sake, Victoria led South Australia by 150 to 175 runs on the first innings at the close of the second day's play—and the second day is always a Saturday—I dare venture to think that Harry Trott would not care to send us in again with batsmen like Lyons and Darling to lead off against them (in the match just alluded to, this pair

put on 142 runs for the first wicket in our second innings). His second innings would be at least three days off in the ordinary course of events, and it takes a clever weather prophet to foretell three days ahead what meteorological changes are going to happen, even in midsummer. If we began our second innings on a Monday, our opponents might have to bat on a sticky wicket on Tuesday.

There not being the incentive that there is in England to compel a captain to dare all for a win, I feel sure that without a follow-on rule skippers would very, very seldom let their opponents follow-on, unless the wicket were sticky. They would, to be on the safe side, nearly always go in again themselves, and the result would be that matches, which already last sometimes five days, would be extended to six or seven, with a consequent diminution in public interest, because it is not likely that there would be much excitement about a contest in which one side had begun its second innings with a lead of say 150 runs.

Let me just state a case in point—the first test match with Stoddart's team in 1894. We went in first and completed our innings late on the second day for 586. The Englishmen were all out for the first time on Monday afternoon, but they were 261 runs in arrears. Had we the option, considering the importance of the issue involved, we should scarcely have allowed them to follow on, yet, if we had gone in again, I suppose all zest in the

match would have ceased immediately. As the law stands, however, they followed on, and, as everybody knows, won by 10 runs. So far as I am concerned then, I say, let the law alone. Still let us have the time-saving process which has brought, and still will bring in its train, many an exciting finish.

In the game which created all this discussion, O'Halloran, who is now engaged at Lord's, made his *début*. He was as a bowler chosen at the last moment to fill a gap, and gained the distinction of making the highest score in the match—123 not out. He, Roche—who is also at Lord's—and Johns, the second wicket-keeper of the last Australian Eleven, carried the score from 141 for 8 wickets to 354, although I daresay, if the Melbourne judges had been asked for a prediction when the eighth wicket fell, the most sanguine would not have ventured to prophesy that 40 runs would have been made by the last three batsmen. O'Halloran and Johns for the last wicket put on 136 runs, which is the record for Australia. South Australia holds one or two Australian records, but there have been several made against her players. Faulty fielding, which has so often led to South Australian disasters, caused this one, as several chances were missed off Jones, who bowled splendidly, until he was so tired at the end of the day that he could scarcely get his arm over.

Our last match with Victoria gave us a win, although without Trumble and Bruce their team was weak. South

Australia's scoring on the second day makes pretty reading:—

J. Darling	75
J. J. Lyons	113
C. Hill, not out	74
J. Reedman	49
G. Giffen, not out	26
Extras	6

Total for 3 wickets .. 343

Those runs were put together in a shade over four hours. Rain came during Sunday and put a stop to heavy scoring.

The following is the record of eleven-a-side matches between Victoria and South Australia:—

Played 23. Victoria won 12; South Australia won 11.

Date.	Where Played.	Victoria.	South Australia.	Won by
Nov., '60 ..	Melbourne	329-64, 3 w	77-314	Victoria, 7 wickets
April, '81 ..	Adelaide	131-174	163-61	Victoria, 151 runs
Mar., '82 ..	Adelaide	196-132	119-270	S. A., 31 runs
Mar., '83 ..	Melbourne	200	23-79	Vict., inns. & 98 runs
Feb., '84 ..	Adelaide	285-369, 6 w	334-319	Victoria, 4 wickets
Jan., '85 ..	Melbourne	189-82	170-154	S. A., 53 runs
Mar., '86 ..	Adelaide	187-219	172-274	S. A., 40 runs
Feb., '87 ..	Melbourne	138-230	170-54	Victoria, 144 runs
Feb., '88 ..	Adelaide	165-126	407	S. A., inns. & 113 runs
Dec., '88 ..	Melbourne	181-192	270-88	Victoria, 15 runs
Dec., '89 ..	Adelaide	330-221	282-241	Victoria, 18 runs
Jan., '91 ..	Melbourne	230-190	472	S. A., inns. & 62 runs
Nov., '91 ..	Adelaide	235-163	602	S. A., inns. & 164 runs
Jan., '93 ..	Melbourne	180-241, 4 w	73-347	Victoria, 6 wickets
Mar., '93 ..	Adelaide	473-206, 5 w	242-363	Victoria, 5 wickets
Jan., '94 ..	Melbourne	181-268	272-281	S. A., 74 runs
Mar., '94 ..	Adelaide	222-312	316-276	S. A., 58 runs
Dec., '94 ..	Adelaide	252-134	338-29, no w	S. A., 10 wickets
Feb., '95 ..	Melbourne	348-10, no w	118-245	Victoria, 10 wickets
Nov., '95 ..	Adelaide	220-229	163-330	Victoria, 66 runs
Feb., '96 ..	Melbourne	165-43	199-10, no w	S. A., 10 wickets
Jan., '97 ..	Melbourne	354-230	239-226	Victoria, 49 runs
Feb., '97 ..	Adelaide	479-78	427	S. A., inns. & 70 runs

SUMMARY.

South Australia:—9,569 runs for 400 wkts.; average per wkt., 23.92 runs.
 Victoria:—2,449 runs for 418 wickets; average per wicket, 22.60 runs.

MY PERFORMANCES AGAINST VICTORIA.

Date.	BATTING.		BOWLING.							
	First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.				Second Innings.			
			O	M	R	W	O	M	R	W
Nov., '89	3	63	35	6	47	2	5	1	14	0
April, '81	10	10	11	2	29	1	34	12	59	5
Mar., '83	1	19	43·3	17	61	5	—	—	—	—
Jan., '85	0	73	50	15	87	5	31·3	10	49	5
Mar., '86	20	82	69·2	9	91	9	47	12	110	8
Feb., '87	4	0	42	14	83	8	39	9	104	4
Feb., '88	166	—	33·3	13	65	8	24·5	5	60	6
Dec., '88	135	19	28·4	9	63	6	53·4	25	77	7
Dec., '89	85	9	47	19	108	1	45·1	15	104	7
Jan., '91	237	—	51·2	21	89	5	25	6	103	7
Nov., '91	271	—	51·1	12	95	9	25·5	4	70	7
Jan., '93	22	92	23·3	3	80	5	50	11	130	3
Mar., '93	43	181	64	25	148	9	25	7	59	2
Jan., '94	24	103	17·5	3	56	4	37	8	104	3
Mar., '94	29	89*	27	5	76	4	35·4	8	101	2
Nov., '94	94*	—	24	9	87	6	25·5	7	60	6
Feb., '95	15	9	46	6	147	5	9	0	5	0
Nov., '95	26	6	37	5	108	3	41·5	8	141	5
Feb., '96	43	—	17	0	94	4	—	—	—	—
Jan., '97	40	17	22	5	71	2	21·5	3	108	3
Feb., '97	47	—	31	7	71	4	2	—	8	—

* Indicates not out.

SUMMARY.

Batting:—21 matches, 36 innings, 2 not out, 2,107 runs, highest score 271; average, 61·97.

Bowling:—1,365 overs, 356 maidens, 3,272 runs, 185 wickets; average, 17·68.

CHAPTER III

INTERCOLONIAL MATCHES (*continued*).

NEW SOUTH WALES v. SOUTH AUSTRALIA

CONTESTS between New South Wales and South Australia were not initiated until February, 1890. In the latter part of the 'eighties the South Australian authorities had endeavoured to induce their New South Wales friends to agree to exchange visits every other year; but the distance by rail between the two capital cities—over 1,100 miles—and the fact that we had no more than held our own against the more or less weak Victorian teams, which had generally been pitted against us, were put into the balance against the request, and for some time turned the scale. As I have already mentioned, the New South Wales-Victorian engagements were the all-important events of the season to the players of those colonies, and for a man to participate in the two matches meant, each season, three weeks' absence from business. The additional game with South Australia would add another week and a half, and it is not every player who



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BRIGHTON.

MURDOCH, SPOFFORTH, BOYLE, A. C. BANNERMAN.

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can secure leave for more than a month. There are very few in Australia who depend entirely upon cricket for a living. However, the New South Wales Association was at last persuaded, and I do not think they have regretted their action, because our games have drawn some splendid "gates" in Sydney. For three years only one match a season was played, then, with the advent of the Sheffield Shield, home and home engagements were instituted.

For the benefit of those who are not Australians I will give an idea of the arrangement of the season's programme in Australia. Take, first, the case of New South Wales. Her players usually leave Sydney on about the second Friday in December, and travel in an express train to Melbourne, a journey of eighteen hours' duration. A couple of days' rest in Melbourne, and then another train ride to Adelaide, extending over eighteen hours. Reaching Adelaide on Tuesday morning they have two days' practice before beginning the match on Friday. The game over, they leave on Tuesday or Wednesday for Melbourne, where their first match with Victoria, every season, is played on Boxing Day. By the time they feast their eyes on their beautiful harbour again, the New South Welshmen have been away from home for a day or two over three weeks. Our tour is a similar one, with the difference that we stay at Melbourne and play our match with Victoria on our way up to Sydney, and when we have finished with New South Wales have two successive night rides in the train back

to Adelaide, and a wearisome journey it is, even though we are accommodated in most convenient boudoir cars. Then is the opportunity of the man who can sing a good song or tell a good yarn. We are able to accomplish our round trip in about eighteen days. The Victorians—whose city is the half-way house, as it were, for the Welshmen and South Australians—do not make a round trip as we do; but towards the end of January every year travel to Sydney, so that they may play there on the anniversary of the day when Captain Cook planted the British flag upon the shores of Australia—January 26th—and at another period of the season they visit Adelaide, each trip occupying about nine days.

The South Australians' first visit to Sydney was a disastrous one, as we lost the toss and were beaten by nine wickets. The Sydney ground then was not so fast as our players had been accustomed to in Adelaide. To those who have never seen one, an Adelaide wicket would be a curiosity. The curator, for a fortnight or so before a big match, tends it as carefully as does a hen her brood of chickens. Towards the day of the match the grass is shaved with a scythe until little more than the root is left; and, finally, the turf having been soaked and allowed to dry to a proper consistency, the pitch is rolled and rolled until what remained of the grass has been pressed into the soil. When this dries the surface is like nothing so much as a stretch of asphalt with a glaze upon it, as though it had been polished. I

remember, about twelve years ago, Alfred Shaw tossing the ball to Ulyett for him to bowl, upon which he received an apt question from the Yorkshireman, who wanted to know what was the use of asking him to try and bowl on glass! Such wickets, while they are the despair of bowlers, who find it impossible to make the ball bite, render run-getting easy to those who are accustomed to their great pace. On the other hand, our batsmen, nurtured upon them, when they get to the Sydney wickets, which are covered with short grass, find the ball nipping back from the pitch. Then they are at a disadvantage, and more than once has an apparently strong South Australian Eleven "curled up" on the Sydney ground. We did, for instance, on the Sydney ground in 1890, when Jack Lyons and myself, who in England had had experience on ordinary turf wickets, were the only two on our side who could make much headway against the bowling.

Two extraordinary trophies were given by a Sydney enthusiast, to mark the initiation of contests between New South Wales and South Australia. They were bronze shields, valued at 25 guineas each; immense articles—large enough, in fact, to hide a fair proportion of the wall of an ordinary-sized room. The best bowler on each side was to have one, and Fred Jarvis earned his. We had no end of fun in getting the gigantic trophy home. It would have been an effective protection if bush-rangers had chanced to fire upon the train; but, of course, we had no skirmishes with gentry of that sort. Trouble

began, however, when the South Australian border was reached. Fred was informed by the business-like Customs sentry that he was importing a work of art, upon which he would have to pay 25 per cent. duty. He would not pay the six guineas demanded. The shield was impounded and, if that duty had been insisted upon, might have been in pound to this day; but representation of the circumstances to headquarters led to a remission of the tax.

Jack Ferris, who was then on a brief visit to Australia prior to settling down with Gloucestershire, was the hero of the first visit of New South Wales to Adelaide, and that we were beaten by six wickets was almost entirely due to his splendid bowling. The wicket was a beauty, considering which, 8 for 84 and 6 for 106, were magnificent averages. What a loss he was to Australia! He was the only first-class left-hand bowler we have had out here in my time, and since his defection we have not been able to unearth another.

A memorable scene was witnessed in Sydney upon the occasion of our second visit. On the first day we had disposed of the local team for 215. A large crowd assembled to see us bat on the Saturday; but, unfortunately, soon after I joined Lyons at the wickets rain began to drizzle. It was the mildest of Scotch mists, and, thinking it would soon cease, play was proceeded with. But the drizzle continued, and the longer we played the more slippery the ball became, so that Jack and I had a fine time, both of us thumping away to

our hearts' content. At last, Alec Bannerman cried "enough," and we adjourned. The rain did not become heavier, so the crowd around the chains began to call for the players. A momentary lifting of the mist tempted us out again; but the drizzle recommenced, and to the pavilion we returned. Now the spectators became angry in earnest, and a demonstration was feared. For some time we remained under shelter; but at last the crowd had its way—the Sydney men took the field, and there they remained with an exasperating perpetual drizzle keeping the ball greasy, without in the least softening the wicket, for the remainder of the afternoon. Charley Turner bowled splendidly, but with wretched luck, none of the fieldsmen, until at length little "Tich" Gregory stuck to a chance from Lyons, being able to hold the slippery ball. Jack made 145, his highest score in a first-class match in Australia, while my contribution was 95 not out, which I subsequently increased to 120 before being caught. My partner's hitting was simply terrific, one mighty straight drive snapping clean off one of the pickets in front of the members' reserve. In England, where games are limited to three days, that match would never have been completed, for it was not, owing to heavy rain, until three days afterwards that we were able to go on with our innings, and get rid of our opponents a second time.

Ernest Jones, the fast bowler, was first seen in an important match in December, 1892, against New South Wales. One of our senior clubs had brought him down

from the country, where his fast bowling had caused terrible havoc on the rough wickets. On the Adelaide Oval, against second-rate batsmen, he met with such wonderful success that he had to be given a trial in better company. I am fain to confess that I was not sanguine about him. I was afraid that when he met high-class batsmen like Moses, Iredale, Bannerman, Gregory, and Donnan on a true wicket, they would play him as easily as shelling peas. Like many other Australians I did not think that our wickets were made for fast bowlers. Jones, however, with all his inexperience and erratic pitch, was by no means a failure in his first match. True, in the first innings, his analysis was only 2 for 93; but he bowled Harry Donnan when that fine batsman had made 120. In the second innings, however, he dismissed Alec Bannerman, Sammy Jones, and Harry Moses—the last-named clean bowled with a clipper of a ball—at a cost of only 49 runs. Jarvis, who at first actually stood up to Jones, stumped Sam Jones off his namesake, and a clever bit of work it was. I suppose this is the only instance of a batsman being stumped off our express bowler. Jarvis, however, despite this *coup*, soon came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, which, interpreted, means that it is wiser to stand back to the fast ones.

A curious, if not unique experience, befel me as skipper at Adelaide in December, 1893. I won the toss from Tom Garrett, and decided that we should bat first. A captain in Adelaide seldom needs to exercise his mind



YALMA,

H. GRAHAM.

MELBOURNE.

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A. PICKERING,

CLEM HILL,

LEICESTER,



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S. P. JONES,

OXFORD.

in arriving at a decision upon this question, often so momentous in England. Rain was threatening upon this day, but I had to make up my mind at once, and, as the wicket was dry, I could not do otherwise than bat first, because the rain might have held off for hours. But actually before Lyons and Reedman had finished the buckling on of their pads down pelted a shower. We could not play until after luncheon, and then I should have liked to be able to reconsider my decision, for instead of having a fast, easy run-getting wicket, we had to go out upon a stodgy pitch which soon became sticky. However, we got out of our trouble very well, and before the match was over had achieved the distinction of compiling the highest score which has ever been hit off New South Wales bowling, topping as it did the Victorian record against the Welshmen by one run. For this reason it is reproduced.

RECORD SCORE AGAINST NEW SOUTH WALES BY SOUTH AUSTRALIA,
DECEMBER, 1893.

J. J. Lyons, c Callaway, b Newell..	..	..	82
J. Reedman, c Pierce, b Newell ..	..	..	23
G. Giffen, c sub, b Bannerman ..	..	..	205
A. H. Jarvis, c Callaway, b Garrett ..	..	..	25
W. F. Giffen, b Newell ..	..	..	12
F. Jarvis, c Callaway, b Garrett ..	..	..	30
H. le Haldane, b Newell ..	..	..	21
J. Darling, lbw, b Newell ..	..	..	32
H. Blinman, not out ..	..	..	28
G. Parkin, b Newell ..	..	..	10
E. Jones, b Newell ..	..	..	0
Extras ..	..	..	15
Total..	..	..	483

Joe Darling received his baptism of fire in this contest. He made no more than five (run out) when the wicket was sticky, but in his second try batted admirably for 32.

The variable character of the Australian climate has perhaps seldom been more remarkably exemplified than it was in our seventh match with New South Wales, when, after being put in and out on a bowler's wicket on a Friday, we fielded all day on Saturday while our opponents, upon an excellent pitch, piled up nearly 400 runs, and then on Monday found ourselves at the mercy of Turner and Coningham on a heavy, difficult wicket.

Tom McKibbin came into prominence in 1895. I was very curious to see him bowl, having heard so much about his marvellous breaks on perfect wickets. As I had one fairly long innings, I was able to satisfy my curiosity. He managed to thoroughly mystify most of our batsmen, one of whom swung round to hit the ball to leg only to have the mortification a moment later of knowing that his off stump has been upset. We batted on a fine wicket, nevertheless McKibbin *did* turn the ball, and the conclusion one came to then was that with a little more command over his length he would be a great bowler—and he is.

About that time New South Wales brought out another fine bowler in Howell. The chief merit in his bowling is that he maintains such a fine length. During the past two seasons he and McKibbin have borne the brunt of the attack for their colony, and it is largely owing to the

deadliness of this combination that New South Wales has twice in succession won the Sheffield Shield.

There are very few instances on record of a side going in first, reaching the fourth century, and then being beaten. It has happened twice to New South Wales, the Victorians being the operators on each occasion. South Australia achieved a brilliant victory against Stoddart's Eleven after the latter had opened with 477. Stoddart and his comrades got home in the first test match at Sydney against an initial Australian score of 586, and again in the last test at Melbourne after the Australians had begun with 414; and in 1896 South Australia suffered the infliction at the hands of New South Wales. We made 400 (Hill 206 not out, Darling 121), to which they responded with 423, Frank Iredale batting grandly for 187. Then we could make no more than 200, and they won by 9 wickets.

It would be difficult to discover in the annals of Australian cricket many innings more thoroughly worthy of commendation than Clem Hill's 206 not out in this match. The Australian Eleven, for inclusion in which he had been popularly regarded as a certainty, had been selected, and his name was not amongst the chosen. Alterations were, however, contemplated, and his play in this game would probably decide his fate. Mind, he had not then completed his nineteenth year; moreover, when he went in three wickets, including those of Lyons and myself, had fallen cheaply, and McKibbin was bowling

at his best. Ninety-nine lads out of a hundred would have quailed in face of so trying an ordeal, but Clem was the one who did not. Verily, I believe, like Darling, he has nerves of iron. Anyway, he went to the assistance of his fellow left-hander, and before they were separated 169 runs had been added by faultless batting. For a player so young, Clem exhibited simply phenomenal resourcefulness in the latter part of his innings. While Darling was in he did not score particularly fast, as Joe was making runs rapidly, but no sooner had his partner gone than Clem began to lay about him, and actually hit up 154 runs out of the last 197, and when the last wicket fell the lad looked good for another hundred. Veteran Sydney critics expressed the opinion that his faultless innings was as brilliant as any that had been seen on the ground, which is saying a good deal, for only in the previous season had Syd Gregory notched his 201 against Stoddart's team there.

No longer was Clem's trip to England in doubt. Tom Garrett was the first to admit, what I had tried to impress upon him when we were selecting the Australian Eleven, that we, South Australia, had got hold of a cricket prodigy. He had had ample reason to change his opinion, for while Clem was making that 206 old Tom, as captain of the opposing side, was at his wits' end to place the field to stop the young batsman's masterly on-strokes. When the innings began the only man in the on-field was mid-on, but by the end of the day five men

were there. The bowlers, too, trundled with that specially placed on-field in their mind's eye, but not a chance did one of those five men receive, and further, no matter where they stood, the ball was placed between them.

A magnificent piece of bowling was credited to Tom McKibbin at Adelaide last December, and it certainly has to be ranked with the best performances of the kind done on the Adelaide Oval. In the first innings he secured 7 for 51, and in the second 8 for 74. There are very few men bowling at Mac's pace who can turn the ball on the Adelaide Oval, but he sent some deadly breaks, one from the off in the second innings completely surprising Lyons. Only a few moments before one of the Sydney men had said to McKibbin, "You had better not try any off-breaks to Lyons or you'll have the ball lost"; but this one came in the first over before Jack had settled down, and it beat him all the way.

M. A. Noble, the young Sydney batsman from whom such great things are now naturally expected, visited Adelaide for the first time last December, and he at once made a great impression upon us. At the first try he scored only a few, but in the second, when things were going very badly for his side, he played a beautiful innings of 71, quite turning the fortunes of the game, which we lost, after perhaps the most striking series of ups and downs I can call to mind as having happened in one intercolonial match.

Not another game with New South Wales furnished such sensational incidents as the last one. First of all, owing to the splendid length bowling of Howell, whose 6 wickets cost only 40 runs, they put us out for 159. Badly as we had done, they opened still worse, inasmuch as Jones, bowling at a tremendous pace, got rid of Donnan, Mackenzie, Iredale and Gregory at a cost to him of 12 runs, while when Gregory was dismissed the total was only 29. We were in the seventh heaven of delight, but a chance missed brought our thoughts to the stern realities of cricket again. Our men continued in a most aggravating fashion to make mistakes, and before the last wicket fell Jim Kelly had notched 108, and Tom Garrett 131, the total reaching 420.

Garrett during later years has evinced a most marked partiality for our bowling, having several times scored freely after reputedly better batsmen had failed. He had, until this match, scored only one century, his 163 against Victoria in 1882, when Billy Murdoch made his great score of 321, and I doubt whether I ever saw happiness more plainly written on a man's face than it was on old Tom's when, by hitting Jones for 4, he completed his century against us, the second of his life in first-class matches, after a lapse of fifteen years.

Garrett and McKibbin, by putting on 170 for the ninth wicket, broke an intercolonial record, just as O'Halloran and Johns had for the last wicket, so that within a week we earned the unenviable reputation of having two new records established against our bowling.

The following is the record of matches between New South Wales and South Australia :—

Played 13. New South Wales, 9; South Australia, 4.

Date.	Where Played.	New South Wales.	South Australia.	Won by
Feb., '90	Sydney	240—66, 1 w	155—148	N.S.W., 9 wickets
Dec., '90	Adelaide	406—27, 4 w	241—191	N.S.W., 6 wickets
Jan., '92	Sydney	215—62	330	S.A., inns. & 53 runs
Dec., '92	Adelaide	337—148	212—330	S.A., 57 runs
Jan., '93	Sydney	335	183—92	N.S.W., inns. & 60 runs
Dec., '93	Adelaide	118—234	106—483	S.A., 237 runs
Jan., '94	Sydney	393	117—118	N.S.W., inns. & 158 runs
Jan., '95	Adelaide	193—247	270—170, 6 w	S.A., 4 wickets
Feb., '95	Sydney	239—336	304—160	N.S.W., 111 runs
Jan., '96	Adelaide	320	152—134	N.S.W., inns. & 34 runs
Feb., '96	Sydney	428—173	400—200	N.S.W., 9 wickets
Dec., '96	Adelaide	162—237	187—161	N.S.W., 51 runs
Jan., '97	Sydney	420	159—250	N.S.W., inns. & 11 runs

SUMMARY.

New South Wales, 5,335 runs for 194 wickets; average, 27·60.
South Australia, 5,253 runs for 246 wickets; average, 21·35.

MY PERFORMANCES AGAINST NEW SOUTH WALES.

Date.	BATTING.		BOWLING.							
	First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.				Second Innings.			
			O	M	R	W	O	M	R	W
Feb., '90	53	32	47	12	110	3	23	9	30	1
Dec., '90	21	17	83·3	35	150	6	9	3	10	1
Jan., '92	120	—	54·3	19	122	7	19	3	28	5
Dec., '92	73	10	74·1	33	133	6	41·4	18	58	6
Jan., '93	51	4	72	26	137	2	—	—	—	—
Dec., '93	47	205	2	1	2	—	21	4	62	2
Jan., '94	7	22	54	2	117	2	—	—	—	—
Jan., '95	3	26	42·2	9	77	8	48·1	9	102	8
Feb., '95	15	65	37·5	7	114	4	50·3	12	132	6
Jan., '96	74	0	51·5	11	140	3	—	—	—	—
Feb., '96	11	55	62·3	9	166	3	—	—	—	—
Dec., '96	3	12	1	1	—	—	13	1	47	—
Jan., '97	17	104*	10	4	21	—	—	—	—	—

* Indicates not out.

SUMMARY.

Batting—13 matches, 25 innings, 1 not out, 1,028 runs, highest score, 205; average, 42·63.
Bowling—780·4 overs, 228 maidens, 1,756 runs, 73 wickets; average, 24·05.

CHAPTER IV

INTERCOLONIAL MATCHES (*continued*)

THE SHEFFIELD SHIELD

For the special benefit of those who are not familiar with the circumstances, I think I ought to write a few words about the handsome shield for which the three colonies—New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—compete each season. For nearly forty years inter-colonial rivalry had been sufficiently keen to engender remarkable public interest in the matches between the colonies, and for that matter, less now than ever before, is anything in the shape of a trophy necessary to stimulate the players and public. Nevertheless, the Sheffield Shield is something tangible, which for twelve months the representatives of the crack colony are allowed to hold as a monument to their prowess. As its name implies, it had its origin in that generous patron of the noble game, the Earl of Sheffield, who, to mark his gratitude for the kindness Australians had been

privileged to extend to him during his tour in 1891-2, handed £150 to the Cricket Council of Australasia, to be disposed of at their discretion. They resolved to perpetuate the memory of the Earl's visit, which had done so much to revive cricket in the colonies, by having a shield made, for competition between the three leading colonies; and a handsome specimen of the silversmith's art it is.

The Shield, which measures 46 in. by 30 in., is of silver, flanked with a batsman on one side and a bowler on the other, each solidly modelled with the bat and the ball of gold. On the centre plate is a representation of the Sheffield Park Cricket Ground, with a full team in their respective places in the field, each man and the pavilion being raised and standing out boldly. The main body of the Shield is of silver, of which 200 ozs. were used; the leaf, shell, and scroll work, being in parts oxidised to heighten the general effect. There are 16 golden inscription plates, to bear the names of successful colonies. The Sheffield and Australian arms resting on the shoulders of the Shield are enamelled in correct colours, and the whole is surmounted by a statue of "Victory."

The contests began in 1892-3, so that we have had five. Victoria was the first resting-place of the Shield; then it came to South Australia; in the third year it returned to Victoria; since then it has reposed in New South Wales. The following table indicates at

a glance how the fortunes of the three colonies have varied:—

Colony.	Won.	Lost.	Runs scored.	Wkts. lost.	Aver.	Runs agnst.	Wkts. taken.	Aver.
1892-3.								
Victoria	4	0	2181	61	35.75	1936	80	24.2
New South Wales ..	1	3	1731	70	24.72	1971	72	27.37
South Australia ..	1	3	1842	80	23.02	1847	59	31.3
1893-4.								
South Australia ..	3	1	1969	80	24.61	1738	68	25.85
New South Wales ..	2	2	1352	68	19.68	1413	77	18.35
Victoria	1	3	1602	77	20.80	1732	80	21.90
1894-5.								
Victoria	3	1	1601	70	22.87	1383	70	19.75
South Australia ..	2	2	1854	66	25.06	1764	70	25.20
New South Wales ..	1	3	1647	80	20.58	1755	76	23.09
1895-6.								
New South Wales ..	3	1	2181	61	35.75	2027	76	26.67
Victoria	2	2	1896	75	24.97	1992	70	27.88
South Australia ..	1	3	1578	70	22.54	1678	61	27.5
1896-7.								
New South Wales ..	4	—	1863	61	30.62	1613	80	20.16
South Australia ..	1	3	1719	69	24.91	1760	70	25.14
Victoria	1	3	1797	80	22.46	2011	60	33.51

SUMMARY.

New South Wales ..	11	9	8779	326	26.92	8779	373	23.41
Victoria	11	9	9079	364	24.94	9034	360	25.09
South Australia ..	8	12	6762	379	23.11	6807	334	26.36

CHAPTER V

TOURS WITH AUSTRALIAN ELEVENS—MY FIRST TRIP TO ENGLAND—1892

THE ultimate goal of every aspiring young Australian cricketer's ambition is a place in an Australian Eleven. More so is this the case now than it was in my young days, inasmuch as a team may, with tolerable certainty, be expected to visit England every three or four years, whereas sixteen or seventeen years ago these invasions of English cricket fields had not come to be regarded as periodical institutions. For some time, however, prior to the tour of the 1882 Eleven, the approaching trip had been talked about; and, as I had been performing fairly well for South Australia, I began to indulge in day-dreams, and to wonder whether there was any possibility of my being selected. While I was in this frame of mind I compiled 95 for 15 of South Australia against Shaw's team, and ere the conclusion of the match received a telegram inviting me to play for Australia in a test match, which was to be begun at Melbourne a week later. Having just joined the Government service, I almost

feared to ask for the necessary leave, but this was readily granted to me. Here I might mention that Australian employers, Government and private alike, have been very good in allowing players leave of absence to participate in important cricket matches. Many of them are keen supporters of the game, and consider such applications in the light of patriotism; in fact, some public servants who once complained of the frequent absence of a prominent Victorian player, Harry Trott to wit, were informed by the head of the department that "Trott is a national institution."

In due course, then, I reached Melbourne and found myself one of an Australian Eleven in the throes of an exciting contest. We had to go in against 294, and headed this fine score by 26. When I went to the wickets Horan was in the midst of a fine innings of 124. I shall never forget my sensations as I walked out from the reserve to take my innings. I had never before faced so large a crowd, and when they gave me a warm, and what was meant to be an encouraging reception, the weight of responsibility made me feel like sinking into the turf. Since then I have always sympathised with the *débutant* in a great cricket match. Having got through my first over safely, my nerve returned to me, and I found that I could play the bowling all right, but to my surprise I could not, however hard I smote it, get the ball through the field. Nevertheless, I continued to bear in mind the idea that I must keep up my wicket





AN INCIDENT OF THE 1896 TOUR

while Horan was scoring. My partner, perhaps the finest batsman Victoria has produced, gave me plenty of encouraging words, and at length, I believe after the lapse of half an hour, I notched my first run. What a yell went up from the crowd to be sure! I was able to make 30, my last 29 being obtained about as quickly as my first one.

Shortly after I had concluded my innings, I was strolling about the members' reserve, when Murdoch asked me if I would accompany the Australian Eleven to England, if the selectors chose me. Had a thunder-bolt struck me I would not have been more astonished, although I had so often built castles in the air about a trip to the Old Country. However, I found my tongue at last, and it was, of course, to signify assent; but I was very anxious until the team was finally selected a few weeks afterwards, and my name was amongst the lucky ones.

How one looked forward to the first voyage to the country of the greatest nation in the world, to playing on the classic grounds of the Mother Country, and to meeting on their native heath the celebrated players of whom one had heard. What a delightful voyage we had in the *Assam*! Rough enough it was at first, but when one is once accustomed to the rolling of the boat, what pleasanter mode of travelling can one imagine than sailing on the bosom of the mighty deep? There is a deal of fun to be had in rough weather—by those who are not

prostrated by *mal de mer* themselves. We had plenty with Alec Bannerman and Tom Horan, who, professing vegetarian principles, sought to satisfy their appetites with apples, while we plied them with the daintiest delicacies, only to have our well-meant advances disdainfully rejected. Once round the Leeuwin finer weather came, and there was less boisterous amusement; but we had no end of games and concerts.

One of the concerts given in the tropics is vividly impressed on my mind. We had arranged some nigger minstrel business with Beal and Murdoch as the corner-men, and the late Mr. Caleb Peacock, of Adelaide—a noble supporter of cricket he was, too—as interlocutor. Murdoch, however, did not reel off his jokes with the same degree of circumspection which he manifested as a wielder of the willow; and, as Charley Beal, our manager, emulated the captain's Bonnorian example, the stock of prearranged quips was exhausted before the programme was half-way through. Thus thrown upon their beam-ends, Bones and Tambo gave us some original conundrums and puns, which suggested that they had both missed their avocations in not being Christy Minstrel corner-men; and, furthermore, immensely amused our portly chairman, who, do what he would, could not preserve his gravity. Before long, all the members of the circle were laughing as heartily as the audience. With the temperature approaching boiling-point, rollicking laughter did not agree with our black faces, and by

the time the mission of the circle was ended, our white shirt-fronts were streaked with tiny black rivulets, so that we presented a most ludicrous picture.

Three of us celebrated our birthdays during the voyage, and these events were made the occasion for special feasting at our table. At these junketings some of us had considerable practice in the art of elocution. Horan gave us all points. He could talk of cricket then as gracefully as he writes about it now.

The lucky man of the voyage was George Bonnor, who, on the day we landed in England, won 100 sovereigns from two or three of the passengers. It came about in this wise. In the course of conversation at our table, Bonn remarked that he could throw a cricket-ball a distance of, if I remember rightly, 120 yards. Some one doubted whether he could pitch it 115 yards. He offered to do so in one throw after landing, and a wager of 100 sovereigns was made about it. Most of our fellows, splendidly though they knew Bonnor could throw, considered that he had embarked upon a risky undertaking, because, after his long spell of idleness on board, he would be out of form, and, moreover, might slip without having a second throw to recover his sovereigns. Bonnor, however, who was nothing if not confident in his own ability, was not to be balked of his prize; and, landing at Plymouth, with his first try threw 119 yards and some odd inches. So he started the tour in England £100 richer than the rest of us.

Arrived in England, we were soon hard at work practising on Mitcham Common. Don't I just remember the lunches we used to have at Southerton's Hotel! What beautiful slices of roast beef and what foaming tankards of bitter! The kindly appreciative comments of the English Press upon our form at practice encouraged those of us who had never been to England before, and when we girded our loins and proceeded to delightful old Oxford we were full of confidence.

That opening match of the 1882 tour will always be recollected by reason of Hugh Massie's magnificent hitting. Massie, unless I am mistaken, was the last man chosen for the match, the selection having rested between him and Horan, who was somewhat out of form. But within the day our selectors were wondering how they could for one moment have dreamt of leaving out Massie, and England was marvelling at the new hitter whom the Australians had brought with them. Massie made his 206 in three hours, and I have seldom seen such brilliant hitting. The Oxonians had four men stationed on the boundary, about twenty-five yards apart, to see whether they could stop his terrific off-strokes, but time after time the ball was sent flying between them. This alone would indicate how hard were these hits, for from Oxonians and Cantabs, young, energetic, and keen for their blues, I have seen as dashing "country" fielding as from any one.

The start at Oxford practically assured the success of



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our tour, and when Murdoch played so magnificently against Sussex for 286 not out, and the side amassed 643, which was then a record in England, there was more talk than ever about us. A still finer innings came from our captain's bat in the next engagement against the Orleans Club, a very strong team. Things had gone against us in the first innings, and we had to follow-on with the wicket by no means easy. Murdoch in these circumstances, giving us his familiar "do or die" look of determination, remarked, "Look here, boys, we've got to save this game," and went out and carried his bat through the innings for 107. It was a grand innings, and made our old friend Charles Pardon, one of the best judges in England, who travelled with us in 1882, wonder whether W. L. M. was not the very best batsman in the world. Verily he was only one remove from that distinction.

It is not my purpose to allude to all the matches of that eventful tour, but only to some of the more striking episodes. We received the first check in our fifth game, when the Cambridge University team beat us by 6 wickets, mainly owing to the splendid all-round play of C. T. Studd, who batted well for 118. What a loss as a cricketer he was to England! In 1882 he was one of the very best, and had he not gone out to the mission fields there must have been a great future for him.

Thus far Spoff, from whom, of course, we had naturally expected great things, had been clean out of form;

and we began to wonder whether the young undergraduate who, upon the Demon's failure at Oxford, had remarked "Spofforth is not going to be the *prima donna* of this tour," had hit the nail upon the head. But F. R. got his arm swinging all right at Old Trafford, where he took 12 wickets, and thenceforward he was as deadly and as greatly feared by the batsmen as he had been in 1878 and 1880.

The first really great match of the tour was played against the Gentlemen, who had a formidable side. Just recall some of the names—W. G., A. P. Lucas, A. G. Steel, C. T. Studd, A. N. Hornby, W. H. Patterson, and W. W. Read—there's an array of batsmen, and some of them not bad bowlers. It will be readily understood how proud we were to win by an innings and one run. How we grafted for the innings victory, quite as keenly as though, when the amateurs were completing their second innings, the issue of the match were actually in doubt.

This particular game is one which I naturally recollect with special pride, because in it I did my first particularly good bowling performance in England. W. G. was scoring freely when I went on, and as this was the first time I had bowled at the champion batsman of the world, I tried for his wicket as though my life depended on the result. Success rewarded my efforts, for I bowled out his middle stump. How delighted I felt then! Was it not excusable, too, seeing that at the first time of asking I had clean bowled the batting wonder of the age when

he was well set? Anyway, that first stroke of good fortune instilled into me the boldness of a lion, and, bowling as well as ever I did, 8 wickets fell to my lot for 49 runs. Our old friend Charles Pardon was kind enough to say of the performance: "Taking 8 wickets for just over 6 runs each against such a batting side is a performance which has seldom been excelled on a good wicket."

My bowling against the Gentlemen was the means of enabling me to gain a keen appreciation of the good-humour of Robert Thoms, the best umpire with whom it has been my privilege to participate in a match. Bob was standing at the end from which I was bowling, and after I had been on a little while began to compliment me. "Beautiful ball, my boy; beautiful ball!" he would say at one moment. Again it would be, "Splendid, splendid! stick to it—great future!" and then when I bowled some one, "Beautiful ball, my boy; would have beaten any one." At the end of the innings he went out of his way to congratulate me, and his genuine commendation was extremely cheering. Often since, when he has been "standing" in an Australian Eleven match, he has come to me with that wise look on his face and said, "Do you remember, my boy, the first time I saw you bowl? What did I predict?" adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "I watch this game, my boy."

It was an education to bowl with Robert Thoms umpiring. I remember once appealing for a l.b.w. decision, and I thought it was out, too. Instead of answering

he walked away a step, and I could see that he was shaking with laughter. Then he called out, "Not out, not out. The ball broke a furlong!" This remark so tickled me that it was with great difficulty that I could bowl the balance of the over. I thought it was so good of him, when one had appealed for a near thing, and had received an adverse reply, to explain his decision thus: "Would have just missed the leg stump," or "Would have gone over the wicket." A bowler often appeals, involuntarily as it were, for l.b.w., and it is much nicer for him to know that, even though he had made a mistake, it would have been a close thing, than to have to be content with a sharp "No," uttered in such a tone as to make him feel that in appealing he had committed a crime.

While writing of umpires, one might say a word about the complaints which have often been levelled by Australians against the English umpires. We have had, I say unhesitatingly, to put up with many very bad decisions, and I know that at first we used to entertain strong opinions on the matter, but I think that, after further acquaintance with most of the umpires with whom we had to deal, we came to the conclusion that, though they were naturally enough influenced in time of great doubt in favour of their countrymen, they were always conscientious. I should like to say that, in addition to Bob Thoms, the late C. K. Pullin, Luke Greenwood, Farrands, and Carpenter invariably gave the utmost satisfaction. But the best of the umpires of course make

mistakes sometimes. Farrands, for instance, was once doing duty at Nottingham. Attewell jumped a couple of feet out of his ground, and Blackham ought to have stumped him, but old Jack did not take the ball. Farrands, however, put up his hand in signification of a decision adverse to the batsman. Attewell turned round to him and said, "What are you talking about, man? He hasn't taken the ball." In the circumstances, of course, he went on with his innings, but it shows how easily an umpire may commit a blunder.

As I have already said, I do not propose to deal with each of our matches seriatim. Every one knows that during June, July, and the early part of August we had a wonderful run of success, Horan and McDonnell, who had been out of form at the commencement of the tour, both scoring in a manner commensurate with their reputations. Percy Mac had been sunstruck just prior to leaving Australia, and though he recovered he could not, like many another Australian batsman who has failed at the commencement of a tour in England, get going for some time. When he did begin he made the pace very warm.

The second defeat was not inflicted upon us until August, when the Players beat us by an innings. Maurice Read, one of the most genuine cricketers I have met, hit magnificently for 130, but we had the worst of the wicket. Then Cambridge Past and Present, who had a strong eleven and played finely, took us down by 20 runs.

Towards the end of the tour George Bonnor gave one or two remarkable exhibitions of his hitting powers. One, and that intrinsically the more meritorious, was against Cambridge Past and Present. When things were going hard with us, he cracked up 66 in about half an hour on the Portsmouth ground, four times driving the ball for 6. The other innings was against I. Zingari, at Scarborough, where he knocked up 122 not out, and hit 20 off one over; but the bowlers were weary then, Alec Bannerman, who was 84 not out when the giant went in, having taken all the sting out of them.

We often used to wish that Bonnor would not get the idea into his head that he could, if he chose, bat as scientifically as any one. This was generally after he had heard some one say, "Oh, Bonnor is nothing but a slogger." Then he would go in and play his "sweetly pretty" game, and sometimes last awhile, too; but it was almost painful to watch a giant of six feet and a half playing the barndoor game when we knew that if he chose, and got going, he could pulverise the bowling and disorganise the field. Bonnor had some very quaint sayings. He used, for instance, to remark: "If I could only remember that balls hit on the ground can't be caught, and make it my pet proverb, I'd have these English bowlers looking both ways for Sunday in every match I played." This was just what he could not remember, and many another batsman I know might with advantage put that "pet proverb" into practice.

What a splendid record we had for that tour, quite apart from our victory in the test match! We thoroughly established a reputation for Australian cricket, as many English critics expressed the opinion that ours was the finest eleven which had ever been brought together. It was, indeed, a grand all-round team. Our batting combined, in a happy degree, solidity, represented by Murdoch, Horan, and Bannerman, and brilliance, whose exponents were Massie, Bonnor, McDonnell, and myself, for I hit in those days. In Spofforth, Boyle, Palmer, Garrett, and myself we had a quintette of bowlers as deadly, perhaps, as one side had ever put into the field, and we had a brilliant lot of fieldsmen, of whom Massie and Bannerman were the dons. Blackham, of course, deserves a line to himself. Never did a team have a grander stumper, and when he had to be given a rest, did we not miss him! Murdoch took his place, but by 1882, through lack of practice, he had lost most of the skill he possessed in 1878. Why, in one match our captain allowed 29 byes!

Murdoch was a partner in one unique performance. We were playing a scratch eleven of England somewhere in the Midlands, and Murdoch and Tylecote, the rival stumpers, each caught 6 men, 5 each in the first innings. More curious still, no fewer than ten of the batsmen were caught by Murdoch and Tylecote standing back, as wicket-keepers now stand for Richardson, Jones, and the rest of the express bowlers. To carry the analogy further,

Murdoch caught Tylecote, who, when the opportunity came, gave his rival a Roland for his Oliver. To complete the sequence of coincidences, each was the highest scorer on his side.

I should like to mention the banquet which wound up the tour, because of the exceedingly neat reply made by Murdoch, who had been gradually improving as a speech-maker, until he had become quite an orator. He made the hit of the evening when, in the course of his reply on behalf of the team, he said: "I feel very much like your able General, Sir Garnet Wolseley, must feel when he contemplates the result of the Egyptian campaign. He was sent out to do a certain thing—to crush Arabi—and he has done it. I was sent home as captain of an Australian cricket team to beat England, and I am proud I have done it."

Leaving England we had a picnic trip across America, and *en route* "Waterloosed," to quote an American expression, the New York and Philadelphia players.

Everywhere in Australia we were, upon our return, greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. Crowds met the steamers and trains; we were banqueted and feted as though we were warriors returning from the conquering of another country. We were heroes. Every one joined in honouring us. Personally, when I reached Adelaide again, I was made the recipient of a chronograph watch and chain valued at 100 guineas, and these I number amongst my dearest treasures.

CHAPTER VI

TOURS WITH AUSTRALIAN ELEVENS

THE 1884 AND 1886 TEAMS

Two years later, in 1884, another Australian Eleven was formed. Most of those who were in the 1882 team visited England again ; but Horan, Massie, Garrett, and Jones stood out, their places being filled by Scott, Cooper, Midwinter, and Alexander, the last named also acting as Manager, and playing only in a few matches. Prior to leaving Australia, we had a tour through the colonies, and some noteworthy incidents occurred. In the opening match at Melbourne, we got in against a combined eleven of Australia, and at the close of the first day had scored 328 for 3 wickets. The innings closed for 619, of which Murdoch was responsible for 279 not out. That was indeed a magnificent innings, extending slightly beyond two days, and being marked by a solitary difficult chance after our crack had passed 250. Percy McDonnell batted brilliantly for 111.

At one of the country places three of us had an

amusing experience, which I tell now, because it gives some slight indication of the hero-worship which is oft-times accorded to a famous cricketer. We were at Tamworth, a country town in New South Wales, and the weather was terribly hot. The atmosphere at night was stifling, and we could not get to sleep. Three of us—Percy McDonnell, Jack Blackham, and myself—wandered about the hotel in pyjamas praying for a breath of air. We were idle, and like many other idle fellows, we had occupation found for us by the Imp of Mischief. Some silk hats invitingly hung in the hall, and each donning one, we boldly marched into "Paradise Gardens," down the street, where a fancy dress ball was being held. We found our way to the platform, and, one of us collaring a bell, started to ring for the next dance to start. Up rushed the Master of Ceremonies, frantic, and without attempting to expostulate, started to bundle us out. At his heels, however, ran Charlie Bannerman, who was one of the dancers. Charlie whispered to the M.C., "Don't you know who they are? They are three of the Australian Eleven." You should have seen how that man's countenance changed! No longer irate, he became most apologetic. Instead of being regarded as intruders we were lionised, and became honoured guests. Such is fame!

Harry Moses first came under my notice at this time, as a member of a New South Wales 15, who got in first, and made 374, of which his share was 149. It was an

almost perfect innings, the first of many great ones Moses was to play for his colony.

In a return match, played at Sydney, with a combined eleven of Australia, I took all the wickets in the second innings, a feat unique in the records of first-class cricket in Australia, for which reason I append the score in full:—

ALL TEN WICKETS IN AN INNINGS.

COMBINED AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

First innings 222

Second innings.

R. Allen, c Palmer, b Giffen	..	..	0
H. H. Massie, c McDonnell, b Giffen	..	..	29
S. P. Jones, c and b Giffen	..	..	10
H. Moses, c Alexander, b Giffen	..	..	14
P. Lewis, not out	..	..	19
E. Evans, lbw, b Giffen	..	..	2
P. Marr, b Giffen	..	..	5
E. Powell, b Giffen	..	..	3
T. W. Garrett, c Scott, b Giffen	..	..	3
F. R. Spofforth, c Bannerman, b Giffen	..	..	14
T. Nunn, c Blackham, b Giffen	..	..	0
Byes 9, wides 2, no-balls 3	..	..	14
Total			113

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Mans.	Runs.	Wkts.
Palmer	.. 16	8	27	0
Giffen	.. 26	10	66	10
Boyle	.. 8	3	6	0

Again we had a most enjoyable voyage, although there were events which marred the pleasure for two of us.

First of all an accident happened to Cooper, which was of serious import. He slipped during one of the deck games, and broke the third finger of his right hand, which, as luck would have it, was the one with which he got on the big leg break that had made him such a fine bowler in Australia. He never thoroughly recovered the use of the finger, and a bowler who we thought would, on account of the vital variation of his style from that of Spofforth, Boyle, Palmer, and myself, have been of great service to us, was nothing more than a passenger.

The other event was one which concerned me personally, and which, though it had nothing to do with cricket, annoyed me very much at the time. We were in the Mediterranean and it was a bitterly cold day. A party of us were enjoying some luscious oranges, and I proceeded to throw a handful of peel over the rail into the sea. To my consternation, two diamond rings, one of which had been presented to me as a trophy by the Norwood Club, the other a gift from my brother, slipped off my finger, and went the way of the orange peel. Some of the peel struck the taffrail, but unfortunately none of the rings came back to the deck.

We, of the '84 team, were very keen to do well, for one reason, because so much would be expected of us after the brilliant deeds of the '82 Eleven, and for another, because there were critics in Australia who declared that all the best available players had not been selected. Thus put on our metal, we were so earnest in our task,

that on the way to England several of us went down to the engine-room day after day and stoked coal to keep ourselves in condition. I shall never forget the first shovelful I put into the furnace. I had not mastered the knack of it, and, slipping, instead of getting the coal through the door, I very nearly went in myself.

Upon reaching England, we heard all sorts of talk regarding the strength of the teams which were to oppose us, and we therefore practised with tremendous energy. Several of us figured in the Saturday matches of London clubs, and Alec Bannerman and I had splendid fun one afternoon with the City Ramblers. They asked us to play with them at Battersea Park; and, as a joke, the other side were not to know who we were. The bags bearing our names were therefore carefully concealed. Our opponents went in; and, being put on to bowl, I did the hat trick. Then Alec and I batted first and notched a good many runs. I made one big drive, while running for which little Alec was nearly run off his legs, in fact he slipped down once and I helped him up, before we finished running our eighter! The amusement came at the conclusion of the match, when our bags were placed prominently in the tent, so that the other fellows might be sure to see them. At first they resented the joke which had been played at their expense, but the resentment was only momentary, and over the parting glass they laughed as heartily as any of the Ramblers.

The 1884 team was the first from Australia to be the recipients of the magnificent hospitality of the Earl of Sheffield, at his delightful seat in Sussex. His lordship met us with a smiling face, an open hand, and a warm team; we repaid his hospitality by defeating his team with an innings to spare. Palmer bowled magnificently, and he and I were not changed throughout either innings.

For one incident that match will always be remembered by the Australians who took part in it. I allude to W.G.'s calling for a gauge to test Percy McDonnell's and Alec Bannerman's bats. If we had bats which had been specially made in Australia, there might have been some reason for his action, but we all had blades bearing the names of the best known and most reputable English makers. I know Percy Mac's was found to be a trifle too wide, but no more so than a bat often becomes after severe usage, for the faces of many blades have a tendency to spread. But annoyed though we were, a little fun was extracted out of the incident, when somebody suggested that one of W. G.'s bats should be put through the gauge, and the very first one would not pass muster.

Despite our brilliant start, we felt very discouraged at the end of the first fortnight, for we had been beaten by Oxford and the M.C.C. Sir Timothy O'Brien warmed our bowling at the University, and then at Lord's, W. G., A. G. Steel, and Barnes topped the century. The finest cricket that day was played by Steel, one of the greatest

all-round cricketers I have met. His confident, masterly, stylish batting, filled one's eye, while it spoiled one's bowling average, and his bowling was often extremely puzzling. What a pity it was that his profession deprived the cricket field of his regular presence !

We had a remarkable match at Birmingham, inasmuch as it was completed in one day, on one of the worst wickets it has been my misfortune to bat upon. Old Spoff was unplayable, and in the second innings secured the remarkable analysis of 7 wickets for 3 runs, the whole of the Eleven of England being out for 26.

Now came another defeat at the hands of the Gentlemen, who won with 4 wickets to spare, but as Spofforth was injured within an hour of the commencement of play, and we were without his services for the remainder of the game, we had no reason to be ashamed of the result. Nevertheless, we did not feel very happy when we went back to the "Tavistock" that night, and reviewed our three weeks' work—three wins and three losses. Were the adverse critics right after all? Were we going to lower the reputation of Australian cricket? Not without a supreme effort. Murdoch had been out of form, and had so far only once played in anything like the style of the Murdoch of 1882; but we knew that could not last, and we went north hoping for the best.

In the north we gradually pulled ourselves together. Our captain ran into form, and George Palmer did some wonderful bowling, beating the best of the batsmen on

good wickets, in innings after innings. We, however, met with defeat once more, a splendid North of England team giving us an innings thrashing. This victory was almost entirely due to the bowling of Peate, who, on a capital wicket, secured the magnificent average of 10 for 51—figures quite as remarkable, I venture to say, as any ever achieved in similar circumstances.

Peate I certainly regard as one of the best, if not the best English bowler I have played against. Australian batsmen have always experienced more trouble from the left-hand English bowlers than from the right-handers, probably because for some inexplicable reason a left-hand bowler is such a rarity in Australia. Peel and Briggs have been as successful as Peate against Australians, but when they flourished in their prime, Australian Elevens were not so strong in batting as the 1882 and 1884 teams were.

A good story is told about an Australian batsman, and his dislike of Peate's bowling. The Yorkshireman beat him with a clipping leg break in one innings. The batsman, determined that it should not happen again, got hold of a bat in his room at the hotel, and began to make strokes at imaginary balls. At one he would play back and mutter, "That's the way to play you, Peate." Then he would play forward, remarking, "Not this time, Peate, my boy." At last, he ventured on a big hit at a leg ball, and, swinging round with a "How do you like that, Peate?" sent the toilet set, which he had

forgotten all about, in fragments to the floor. Later on in the day, confident that he would make a score, he faced the real Peate and was clean bowled first ball.

An amusing letter was received by our captain while we were in the north. It ran:—

“MR. MURDOCH,—You deserve to be beaten in every match for your neglect of Mr. Scott who ought to commence first with Bannerman. Boyle’s running himself out twice at the Oval, uncommonly looks like pique. Why are your men so impatient at the commencement? —Yours truly,

“WELL-WISHER.”

Of course the genial William, and all the rest of us, were duly thankful for the advice thus tendered.

During the remainder of the tour we only lost three more matches, being beaten by All England, the North of England, and Kent; but we gained some splendid victories, defeating the Gentlemen, the Players twice, and the South of England twice, besides having the best of two drawn games against England. When England beat us at Lord’s we were thoroughly outplayed, A. G. Steel contributing a magnificent innings of 148, the next score to his being 38.

An unique scene was witnessed at the Oval in our return match with the Players, and I only mention it because, so far as I know—and I may be mistaken—justice has never been quite done to us. It may be

remembered that when the luncheon bell rang on the last day, we had only 11 runs to make, and 9 wickets to fall. Play was adjourned, and the crowd, thinking that it was done for gate-money purposes, were naturally annoyed. They rushed the ground, tore up the stumps, and held possession for some considerable time, although they seemed fairly good-humoured. The facts of the matter were, however, that when luncheon-time came, our captain was asked to adjourn, because to finish straight away would mean a heavy loss to the caterers, Murdoch, who was quite willing to go on, agreed to stop, on condition that no charge was made for admission after two o'clock. All he received for his pains was abuse.

When the temper of the crowd was at boiling-point, I happened to get a cheer from them as I stood in the doorway of the pavilion, and Peate shortly afterwards was also applauded. Mr. Alcock came to me and said, "You seem to be all right with them, Giffen. Just go and explain things. Perhaps they will hear you." But, not having been in the habit of addressing large crowds, I made myself scarce. The Surrey Secretary then turned to Peate with a similar request, but the bluff old Yorkshireman replied, "Naw, sir, Ah didn't cum here t' quell riot, but Ah cum t' play cricket." However, the crowd was subsequently mollified and we finished the match.

There was at the end of the tour a deal of newspaper





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disputing as to the relative strength of the 1882 and the 1884 teams. It would serve no purpose for me to go at length into a controversial matter like this. I would point out, however, that the 1884 team undertook a far more formidable programme than the 1882 Eleven, and it was, therefore, doubly unfortunate that one of our bowlers was useless. Cooper's weakness threw the bulk of the work upon eleven men, and as the season was finer than that of 1882 we had a severe, arduous time. In these circumstances, I consider the 1884 record was a very fine one, and if by finishing we had only been able to secure a couple of wins, instead of two draws in our favour, with England, I fancy the 1884 team would have been ranked equal to, if not higher, than the previous Eleven.

Murdoch, once he got into form, batted as well as ever; McDonnell, who was not at his best in 1882, was in 1884 as dangerous a hitter as Massie had been; and Scott, who played his finest innings in the most important matches, was a capital substitute for Horan. Spofforth and Palmer again bowled grandly; but Boyle showed a marked falling off from his 1882 deadliness.

I question whether a bowler ever achieved more remarkable success throughout a season than Spofforth did in 1884. His average was almost to a decimal point the same as in 1882, but considering that there were more hard wickets, and the calibre of our opponents was, on the whole, higher, there was no doubt that his 216

wickets for 12·2 runs each was an immeasurably better record than his 188 wickets at a cost of 12·1 runs each in 1882. As usual, some of his finest performances were against the strongest teams.

The record of the 1886 Australian Eleven somewhat tarnished the escutcheon of Australian cricket. It was formed under conditions vitally different to any which had preceded it. (Instead of being undertaken as a private speculation by the players, it was organised by the Melbourne Cricket Club—the Australian M.C.C.—one of the wealthiest cricket organisations in the world. Murdoch had temporarily given up cricket—a decision which every Australian regretted. McDonnell and Alec Bannerman made very few runs at the time the team was being picked, and Harry Boyle was not even playing for his colony, so that places were found for new men. Sammy Jones, having developed into one of the finest batsmen in Australia, could not be left out, and great things were expected from three Victorians—Bruce and McIlwraith, who had been scoring heavily, and J. W. Trumble, who had been doing splendid all-round service. Garrett and Evans, besides Spofforth, Palmer, Trumble, and myself, were the bowlers, so that we appeared to be strong in that department; but we afterwards found that Palmer had lost much of his old skill, and events proved that a mistake was made in selecting Evans, who was thirty-seven years of age, and only a shadow of what he had been as a bowler six or eight years before, when,

although repeatedly asked, he could not see his way clear to accept a place in the earlier Australian Elevens.

Although we were badly defeated in our opening contest at Sheffield Park, we only lost one other match, and that with Spofforth standing out, during the first six weeks of our tour, so that at that time our record was almost as good as that of any team which had preceded us. What would have happened if Spofforth had not dislocated the middle finger of his right hand in our sixth match—against the Gentlemen—it is hard to say, but I feel sure the record at the close of the tour would have been a very different one. Until then, the “Demon” had bowled with phenomenal success, as the following figures show: 3 for 75 *v.* Lord Sheffield’s team; 6 for 58 *v.* Notts; 15 for 36 *v.* Oxford; and 7 for 20 *v.* North of England; giving him the remarkable average of a little over 6 runs per wicket. After his accident he had to rest for some time, and although he played again later on he was not able to obtain the same command over the ball as he had shown prior to the unfortunate mishap. With our bowling thus weakened, we struck remarkably dry wickets, and huge scores and reverses met us at every turn. Nevertheless, we lost in all no more than seven eleven-a-side matches. We had, however, only nine wins; but of the twenty-two games which were drawn, most were in our favour, so that I don’t think we did so badly.

One performance upon which we could fairly flatter

ourselves was that against the Gentlemen, who set us 471 runs, which we headed by 17, Sammy Jones playing one of the finest innings of the tour for 151, thus topping by 3 runs the 148 which W. G. had made for the Gentlemen. That was one of many superb innings the genial Sam contributed that season, when he was probably at his best.

Inasmuch as I headed both batting and bowling averages, I may perhaps be pardoned for going somewhat into detail about my own performances—a thing I have carefully refrained from doing hitherto. So far as my batting was concerned, I made a disheartening commencement. For a month I could not go right. In 17 innings (3 not out) I scored only 155 runs, and 54 of those were made in one innings. I never felt better in my life, but I could not get a start, no matter whether I tried to play keeps, or essayed to force the pace. My luck, however, changed, and that, strangely enough, against the strongest team we had faced, when we met the Players at Nottingham. In that match I notched 72-78, and thenceforward I scored pretty consistently. My experience, during that month of failure, taught me to sympathise with others in similiar times of adversity, and often, when a good batsman has been failing, have I reminded him of my heartbreaking run of small scores at the commencement of the 1886 tour.

While my batting was failing, however, I was doing well with the ball, and with pardonable pride I set down

my bowling analysis in four consecutive matches played during the first fortnight in June :—

First Innings.					Second Innings.				
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	
Gentlemen	2	0	6	0 ..	47·1	25	71	6	
Derbyshire	35·2	19	41	7 ..	35	12	60	9	
Cambridge	45·3	16	56	8 ..	—	—	—	—	
Lancashire	26·3	10	23	8 ..	40·1	22	42	8	

These figures gave me 46 wickets for an average of $6\frac{1}{2}$ runs, and as the Lancashire match was the only one in which I really received any material assistance from the wicket, I consider that that fortnight's bowling was the best I ever did.

W. G. Grace's batting was quite the feature of the English play against us. He had 19 innings, and scored no fewer than 812 runs, which gave him the grand average of 42. Three times he started his side with a century, viz., 148 for the Gentlemen, 110 for Gloucestershire, and 170 for England, and as I stood there watching him bat, I would think to myself, "What a difference to Australian Elevens it would make, if there were no W. G. to go in first and kill our bowling!" Similar reveries often occurred to me in 1893, and in 1896, when the veteran was a comparative failure in the test matches, I had occasion to recall again what I had often thought in earlier years. Steel, Shrewsbury, Stoddart, and others have been thorns in the sides of Australian Elevens, but after all there has been only one W. G., and the first

Australian team which meets England with no Grand Old Man to lead off the batting against them in the test matches may think of what I have said. Long may it be before that day comes to pass!

CHAPTER VII

TOURS WITH AUSTRALIAN ELEVENS (*continued*)

THE 1893 AND 1896 TEAMS

For various reasons I did not accompany the 1888 and 1890 Elevens to England. The chief one was, that I did not consider we were strong enough to tackle the cricketers of the old land with reasonable hope of success, sufficient players not having come on to take the places of all the great men who were no longer in the forefront of the battle. Moreover, I received such a gruelling of work with the 1886 team that I was not keen to make another tour. I fancy, however, that if Moses, Bruce, and myself had been with the 1888 Eleven, when Turner and Ferris, being new to English batsmen, were so deadly, a great fight would have been made against England's best Eleven. I have heard all kinds of absurd reasons suggested for my withholding from the 1888 and 1890 teams, but none were more ridiculous than that I would not go unless I was elected captain. Such a thought never entered my head.

Were it not for more important considerations, my desire to excel might have induced me to visit England in 1890, for at that time I was playing as well as ever I did. Since my return from England in 1886 I had accomplished several good performances, and one against Vernon's team, which visited Australia in 1887-88, I shall, by the way, mention here, because there is one incident connected with it which I cannot conveniently allude to elsewhere, and without which my reminiscences would be incomplete.

The occasion was the return match between Vernon's team and South Australia. The Englishmen led off with 382, Walter Read playing magnificently for 183. We failed in the first innings on a perfect wicket, the last man being out on the second day, with the total at 143. We expected to do better at the second try, although we entertained no great hope of saving the game. Next morning I was awakened by a messenger from the Curator of the Adelaide Oval, who informed me that during the night the wicket had been watered and was quite unfit for play. I hurried to the ground and met Vernon, Walter Read, and O'Brien, who were much annoyed, but no more so than I and other South Australians were, that such a deed had been perpetrated. We found the wicket at 11 o'clock sticky. Pieces of the turf had been lifted out by a man's heels, while the centre of the pitch was uneven through the roller's not having completed its midnight work.

The Englishmen said at first that the match ought to be abandoned. I suggested that a wicket might be pitched a yard or two away from the damaged one. They, however, would not listen to this, but agreed for the sake of the promoters of the tour to play upon the apparently ruined pitch. There was really no other alternative; but every one, even our opponents, agreed that South Australia was in a hopeless position. What followed was really extraordinary. For a while the wicket played queerly, but upon Godfrey, one of the best batsmen South Australia has had, joining me, we managed to keep going until lunch time. When play was resumed after the adjournment, the wicket had dried so much that we were no longer at the mercy of the bowlers, and Godfrey and I made a great stand. My partner scored 119; I reached 203, and the total amounted to 493, which still stands as the highest score made by an Australian colony against an English Eleven. A handsome reward was offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the mischief, but he was never found. Whatever his object could have been was a mystery. If he had backed the Englishmen he did not need to damp the pitch to ensure victory, for they already had us under the whip, while if he was a South Australian backer he was not likely to improve our chance by watering the wicket. The match was drawn.

The strength of Australian cricket had materially improved by 1892, when another team visited England.

An Australian Eleven had won the rubber against the Earl of Sheffield's formidable team, and we therefore could venture to once more invade England with tolerable hope of success. The public of Australia, which had taken very little interest in the doings of the 1890 team, manifested considerable enthusiasm in 1893, when another Eleven came to be formed, and the selection of the team was subjected to much adverse criticism. A good deal was said about the inclusion of my brother Walter, and it was even alleged that I had declined to join unless he were also chosen. This, however, was absolutely untrue, and those who made the assertion quite overlooked the fact that about the time the Australian Eleven was selected, Walter had been picked, on the strength of really excellent batting in intercolonials, to be one of the eleven which played in the second and third test matches against the Earl of Sheffield's team. Surely a man who was considered to be good enough for an Eleven of Australia at home was not out of place in a touring fourteen, especially when Moses, one of the eleven, declined to make the trip! Walter was not a success in England, and nobody was more surprised than myself, for I had always thought that he would acquit himself well on English grounds.

✱The public did not improve the Eleven by its interference. We had our team picked, and the Cricket Council of Australasia, under whose auspices we travelled, had signified its approval, when Coningham, the ex-



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Queenslander, bowled pretty well for New South Wales against Victoria, and at once a cry was raised for his inclusion. The members of the Cricket Council took the matter up, with the result that it was practically put to us that we must take Coningham, and we did so against our own judgment. He was not a success in England, and the conclusion has since been arrived at by our leading critics, that, though brilliant at times, he is too erratic to be included in representative elevens.

Apart from Coningham the last man chosen in 1893 was Graham, whom subsequent events proved to be our most successful batsman. I shall never forget the exciting scene we had in Sydney on the night he was picked. We had gradually built up the team until we came to the thirteenth man, and the choice lay among Graham, Iredale, and Reedman. Iredale had been scoring well for two or three seasons and so had Reedman, while Graham had only come to the front during the previous couple of months. The Victorians wanted Graham, the New South Welshmen advocated Iredale, and the South Australians urged Reedman's inclusion. There were six of us—Blackham, Trott, X Turner, Bannerman, Lyons, and myself. The pros and cons were keenly argued, until at last Iredale was knocked out of the running, because it was thought that he had not sufficient stamina to last through an arduous tour. Then came the tug of war. Jack Blackham rose to his feet and became quite enthusiastic over Graham,

whom he described as the best batsman Australia had produced since Charlie Bannerman's time. Old Jack's eloquence gained the day, and his judgment was thoroughly vindicated.

The doings of the 1893 and 1896 teams are so fresh in the memory of every one that I shall refrain from entering at any length into them.

In 1893 we started, unfortunately, with Turner on the sick list, and then when we did all work into something like form, Blackham had the bad luck to lose the toss in several important games—notably in the first two test matches, besides having lost it at Sheffield Park, and when we played England for Arthur Shrewsbury's benefit—and the teams in both of these matches were also practically All England elevens. Time after time our old champion rival, W.G., went in first, and by his masterly, overtowering batting wore down the bowling for the benefit of those who were to follow. It seemed nothing short of marvellous to me, that, nearly twenty years after I first met him at Adelaide, he was still England's greatest batsman, playing oftener against us than any other Englishman. Although he did not once reach the century, his batting in the long run was as effective as ever it has been against us. Only once did he fail to attain double figures, and he had the following splendid succession of scores, the majority, too, in the most important games: 63-18; 4 not out; 13-33; 75-45; 66; 49; 68; 26-6; 40-45; 24-33 not out.

I wonder if ever one team had so many splendid starts made against it as Grace and Stoddart effected against us. Their performances for the first wicket were simply wonderful. Only three times in 9 innings were they separated before 75 runs had been scored, and on one of those occasions Stoddart was run out before he had scored at all. Here is a splendid sequence of first-wicket records by the two great batsmen:—

For M.C.C. First Match, first innings	109
For M.C.C. First Match, second innings	80
For M.C.C. Second Match	120
For England at Nottingham	114
For England Second Test Match	151
For England Third Test Match	78

When at last Blackham won the toss against All England at Manchester we did very much better, although the game was drawn slightly in favour of our opponents. If the luck of the toss had been more evenly distributed, there is no doubt our record would have been a better one. Anyway it was creditable with 18 wins and 10 losses out of 36 games.

One performance for which the tour will be remembered was that of putting up a record score for first-class cricket in the match at Portsmouth, against Oxford and Cambridge Past and Present. Our 843 did not, however, long remain unsurpassed, as Yorkshire headed it last season with 887 against Warwickshire.

Another remarkable feat was that of Lyons in making 149 against the M.C.C. Jack has played many great

innings, but never one in which he so completely paralysed the bowling as he did on that occasion, when, against some of the best bowlers in England, he scored 100 in an hour, and 149 in 95 minutes. It eclipsed even Massie's brilliant performance at Oxford eleven years before, because not only did Lyons score more rapidly, but the bowling was better, the occasion was more important, and the runs were made at a time of desperate need.

An exciting episode of the tour happened in the last match against the South of England. Jack Lyons got going in the second innings, and rapidly overhauled Graham, who was at the head of the averages. As four after four came from his bat it looked as though he must pass the young Victorian, but, when he required still one more boundary hit to accomplish the task, Richardson bowled him, and Graham was left at the head of the batting averages, leading Lyons by the nearest fraction of a run.

We had a splendid batting side, and no fewer than eight men secured averages of over twenty, but our bowling was not so strong as it should have been. Bob McLeod, from whom a great deal had been expected on the hard wickets, proved a comparative failure. Neither was the fielding quite up to the mark. Had it been as good as it ought to have been, we should, with our strong batting, have won matches which, as it was, we lost.

We came home *via* America and met there with the

first reverse inflicted upon an Australian Eleven by a Yankee team, the Philadelphians defeating us with an innings to spare. They, however, met us at a disadvantage, inasmuch as after a rough trip across the "Herring Pond" we had to play without any practice, and with all of us feeling the effects of the ocean swell, we gave a poor exhibition of fielding. Nevertheless, the Philadelphians demonstrated that in the eleven years that had elapsed since 1882 they had vastly improved in their ideas and general knowledge of the game. We beat them in the return match by 6 wickets.

At Detroit, Cod, a local player, brought off one of the most extraordinary catches I have seen. Hugh Trumble made a slashing drive over the bowler's head. Cod, who was at long field, nearly straight behind the bowler, raced towards the fence some twenty yards distant, and, without turning more than half-way round, raised his right hand over his shoulder and held the ball.

* The interest taken in the selection of the 1893 team was, contrasted with the excitement aroused in 1896, when the ninth Australian Eleven came to be chosen, as a breeze to a tornado. The public were first of all worked to a tolerably high pitch over the appointment of a manager. In former years, except in ~~1886~~, when Major Wardill, as secretary of the club, managed the M.C.C. team, the managership had been quietly decided by several of the leading players, who contemplated taking the trip. The Cricket Council, however,

resolved in 1896 to take the reins into its own hands, appoint the manager and select the team. Here I might say that I, in common with many other cricketers, cannot see what the Council really has to do with the matter. If it financed the tours, the position would be entirely different, but it did not take upon its shoulders one iota of financial responsibility; as in former years, the players had to bear the whole of what risk there was. Certainly it is not very great; still, things might go entirely wrong, and a loss ensue. This being the case, it seems to me that the players should be allowed to select the team themselves; that is to say, half a dozen or so men whose claims are indisputable should choose their companions. It is significant, that invariably when this course had been followed in former years there had been very little cavilling, whereas in 1896 the selection caused no end of heartburning.

As I have said, the straining began in 1896, over the appointment of a manager, and Mr. Harry Musgrove secured the position only by the casting vote of the Chairman of the Council. Without wishing in the least degree to write anything derogatory of my old friend Will Whitridge, who secured even votes with Harry Musgrove, I must say that a better choice could not have been made. Our manager was undoubtedly the best I have ever travelled with to England, and to his excellent business qualities, his tactful guidance, his unwearying patience, and his real good fellowship, was due in a great measure the ultimate success of the tour.



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MELBOURNE.

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Garrett, Bruce, and myself were appointed to select the team, and a warm time we had before the task was finished. It would not serve any good purpose to go into all the heartburnings and negotiations which occurred over Harry, Johns, and Turner. Suffice it to say that I think if the team had been chosen according to the old method, which had answered well enough, at least two men would have been selected who were not taken, viz., Jack Lyons and Albert Trott, and the former's hitting powers and the latter's all-round ability would have strengthened us.

Public feeling ran very high, Sydney people crying out for the inclusion of Turner, Melbourne urging the claims of Trott, while we in Adelaide could not realise that Lyons was no longer fit for an Australian Eleven. The fact of the matter was that for the first time the choice extended over a large number of players, the game having marvellously progressed since 1882. Then Australia had a dozen or so cricketers who stood out in a class by themselves. Now we have twice as many with claims more or less strong for inclusion in an Eleven; and I may remark, by the way, that there is an anxious time in store for the selectors of the Elevens to represent Australia against Stoddart's team in the forthcoming test matches. In 1896 we had to play a test game against a combined eleven of Australia at Sydney before the choice was finally agreed upon. The game proved incontestably, if further evidence were needed after his

innings of 206 not out against New South Wales, how great a mistake had been made in excluding Clem Hill from the originally chosen band. Kelly was also included instead of Harry, and Turner was asked to join, but no other change was considered to be necessary. We sailed without Turner, who could not get away from Sydney owing to business.

We got away at last, and the measure of success which attended our efforts in the Old Country is so well known that I need not enter into details. Although we lost the rubber, I think we had quite as strong a side as England could place in the field ; and I say that despite our two failures at Lord's—on the sticky wicket when Hearne and Pougher “rattled” us out, and on the good wicket in the first test match when Richardson and Lohmann upset our calculations.

We were undoubtedly strong in every branch of the game, and, strangely enough, most powerful where every one when we left Australia thought we were weakest. I allude, of course, to the bowling. With all respect for the attacking strength of the 1882 Eleven, I consider that of the 1896 team was equally formidable. However deadly Spofforth, Boyle, and Palmer were on the slow wickets, I maintain that the deeds of McKibbin, Trumble, and Jones on the harder grounds which prevailed in 1896 were quite as meritorious, if not more so, than those of the bowling heroes of the early 'eighties.

The performance of the 1896 bowlers in making All

England follow-on on a hard, good batsman's wicket, stands on the very highest pinnacle reached by Australians. Add to that the fact that in a heavy run-getting season only three individual centuries were hit off us, and the highest total made against us was 367, and what more need one say in our praise? Variety was the strong point in the attack, and in that respect we compared favourably with the 1882 men. We had in Jones a high-class fast bowler, in Trumble one who could keep a splendid length, in McKibbin a man who could make the ball do as much on a good wicket as any bowler I have met, while our captain's slows were occasionally very effective, and my own bowling was of a different style from that of any of the others. Harry Trott deserves every credit for the judgment with which he manipulated his bowlers. It could not be excelled, and further he exhibited rare tact in the placing of the field.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate failure of Graham owing to an attack of rheumatism, the batting was comparable with that of any preceding team. We certainly lacked a fearless hitter like McDonnell, Massie, Lyons, or Bonnor, but I am not sure that in the long run the more careful and safer methods of our batsmen could have been much improved upon. Certainly for the first time in the history of the Australian Elevens we had great batsmen who all had to be got out; they were not in the habit of throwing their wickets away. We had, in fact, learned the lesson which English batsmen had

taught us, the lesson we had rubbed into us by Stoddart himself, who in the 1894-5 test matches entirely discarded brilliancy, with its attendant risks, for ultra-caution. Considering that four of our batsmen—Darling, Hill, Iredale, and Donnan—were entirely without experience of English wickets, their successes were the more commendable, while Syd Gregory, by magnificent batting, did infinitely better than ever he had done before, and gained the highest average yet achieved by an Australian in England.

Now, one feels that he must place on record here his personal appreciation, and, he feels sure, at the same time the genuine thanks of all other Australian cricketers, whose privilege it has been to visit England, of the generous kindness which has always been extended to Australian Elevens by the English authorities, the Press, and the public. One cannot mention by name all to whom gratitude is specially due, but Messrs. Perkins and Alcock, the respective secretaries of the M.C.C. and the Surrey Club, must be directly referred to. Either one of these gentlemen has undertaken preliminary arrangements, and when we have arrived in England both of them have been in the van amongst those who have sought to make the trips enjoyable. Then there is the Earl of Sheffield, whose unbounded generosity has gained for him a warm corner in the hearts of all Australians. Many others might be mentioned, but to do so would be invidious.

We travelled home in 1896 through America, New Zealand, and Tasmania, where we played several pleasant matches. We had three test games with the Philadelphians, of which we won two, but in the other they fairly and squarely beat us. The Philadelphians really have some high-class players, but it was the fact of their bowlers plying us with baseball curves that upset our batsmen. We were considerably amused by the quaint expressions made use of by Captain Patterson, one of the most enthusiastic cricketers I have met, in directing his field. If he wanted, say, slip to come nearer to the wicket, he would call out, "Say there, come a little sooner!" and if he wanted one of the outfielders to move a little it would be, with an expressive sweep of his arm, "Swing round out there."

The journey across America was very enjoyable. There were any number of magnificent sights, and the railway companies spared no trouble to ensure our comfort. Despite the comfort and the sights, however, the long train journeys sometimes became a little monotonous, so we decided to relieve the tedium by improvising a prize-fight at one of the wayside stations. Here Hugh Trumble and little "Tich" Gregory were matched, with Erny Jones and Johns holding the sponges. They had a desperate "mill," and several of the team brought their kodaks to bear upon the group. The authorities did not seem to mind one bit that such a struggle was going on in the main street. Several rounds were contested, and

the townspeople who gathered thought it a great shame that we should have stood quietly by and allowed our Giant to hammer the Midget. Syd, however, was not so concerned as they were, and with his usual dexterity emerged from the contest without a scratch.

It might have been thought that, after eighteen months' almost continual cricket, the members of the 1896 team would have been glad of a rest. Nevertheless, when a pressing invitation came to me from three enterprising Western Australia lovers of cricket to take an eleven across, I had no difficulty in securing the co-operation of nearly all the fellows who had recently distinguished themselves in England. Iredale, Donnan, Trumble, Eady, and Johns were not of the party, which, however, included J. J. Lyons and A. Green, a young South Australian player.

We had an exceedingly jolly tour. Cricket is in its infancy in the Golden West, although there are several promising players. Our experiences were often very amusing. For instance, on the first night after landing at Albany, we found ordinary hotel accommodation non-buyable. One hostelry, however, had erected an iron shed for the use of overflow lodgers, and here, on hard, wooden benches, half a dozen of us had to pass the night.

During this tour I played on the most extraordinary ground I have seen. It is at Kalgoorlie, the great gold-producing centre. Three months before we were there

the site of the ground was a forest of scrub. The Westralians, who are nothing if not energetic, had cleared the scrub, and put down in the centre of the ground a concrete wicket. In the in-field the soil had been well watered and was fairly hard, so that the ball bounced off it all right. But what of the out-field? The dust was inches deep, and the ball stopped very quickly after reaching it. To make matters worse, it was a windy day when we were there, and occasional gusts of wind blew up the dust in dense clouds, so that it was impossible to continue the game. The batsmen could not see the bowler, leave alone get a sight of the ball. Why, on the way down to the ground in a drag drawn by eight horses, one could not from the box-seat see the heads of the leaders!

Such is cricket in Westralia. All the local matches are played on Sundays, and draw large crowds too, but we were able to arrange with them to meet us in the ordinary week-days.

CHAPTER VIII

FIGHTS FOR THE ASHES

1882-1886

WHAT are "The Ashes"? Nothing more or less than the ashes of English cricket. A London paper immortalised them when the 1882 Australian Eleven defeated England at Kennington Oval; and ever since newspaper writers have alluded to test matches between representatives of England and Australia as the Fights for the Ashes. Until 1882 there were no ashes. In 1877 an Australian Eleven defeated eleven representative English professionals at Sydney, but although that contest has always been regarded as the first of a series of half a hundred test matches, no one for a moment considered that Lillywhite's team thoroughly represented the mother country. England's supremacy was unquestioned, and continued so until the 1882 Eleven so sensationally won at the Oval. Since then there have been many gallant fights for the ashes, and numbered amongst them are some of the greatest games recorded in the annals of cricket.



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Who would ever have imagined twenty years ago that cricket matches, mere games after all, would have excited such intense, such thrilling, such world-wide interest, as we have seen in recent times, when the representatives of the two countries have faced each other? The issue of a battle, on which depended the fate of a dynasty, could scarcely have been awaited with greater anxiety. Certainly its every phase would not have been described with greater attention to details. It has been my privilege to bear arms in many of these historical cricket battles, and as I have written these reminiscent pages, my blood has warmed within me at the recollection of some of the thrilling situations in which I have stood alongside my comrades.

The greatest match which had until that time been played—and for many years no other game led to such sensational incidents, certainly there has never in an international contest been a more remarkable finish—was the one test to which the Australian Eleven of 1882 submitted. Prior to that engagement we had a very fine record, and English Press and public, although probably they felt that the reputation of England was secure enough, were not by any means over-confident about the issue of the great event. Any way England placed a magnificent Eleven against us at Kennington Oval, when the fateful day arrived. Just look at the array of cricketing giants—W. G. Grace, Hornby, Steel, Studd (who had the best batting average against the

1882 Eleven), Lucas, Alfred Lyttelton, Barlow, Barnes, Ulyett, Peate, and Maurice Read. It is questionable whether at the time it would have been possible to materially strengthen that combination. We, however, suffered irreparable loss from the inability of George Palmer, through illness, to play, Sam Jones, who was the one unsuccessful player of the tour, being but an inefficient substitute for the Victorian bowler.

From the commencement of the game it was evident that we were in for a Titanic struggle. The Englishmen, who had been sent into the field, bowled with splendid precision, and fielded magnificently. Who could wish for finer all-round play than was seen when Peate and Barlow sent down more than a dozen successive maiden overs to Murdoch and Bannerman? Not a loose one from either of them, while the way the ball came back on the treacherous wicket put the batsman through a severe ordeal. Small wonder that we had 6 wickets down for 30! Blackham and Garrett then made 27 between them, and the total reached 63. Dicky Barlow's bowling was responsible for our downfall; we ought to have made at least 100. When Spoff yorked W. G.'s leg stump we were in great feather, but good hitting by Ulyett and Maurice Read, and a clever innings by Steel, gave the Englishmen a lead of 33 on the first hands, which had been completed on the first day.

I am free to admit that Fortune smiled upon us on the Tuesday morning, when for a little while we had the

wicket fairly easy, as the result of a shower of rain. This gave us a golden opportunity, and fortunately for us we had the man for the moment in Hugh Massie. Never on a slow wicket have I seen a batsman do a grander bit of hitting. Only for twenty minutes or so was the pitch really easy, but in that time Massie had got his eye in, so that when the ball did begin to bite he could bang away with as great certainty as before. It is worth noting that the only fair, genuine chance given during the great match came from Massie's bat, and it cost England 17 runs—10 more than we won by. At last A. G. Steel came on and bowled Massie, but our hitter had given us a chance in the game. If one praises Massie's hitting, what can be said of Murdoch's batting, for long before he had completed the putting together of his 29 the wicket was as difficult as bowler could wish. W. L. M. demonstrated then how great a batsman he really was, and I only once felt sorrier to see a man run out, than I did when Murdoch, after seeing seven of us out, was run out through a bad call of Tom Garrett's. One read at the time a good deal about the bad luck of the Englishmen—Steel and Lucas in playing the ball on, and Lyttelton in being caught off his glove—but no commiseration was expressed for our great batsman in his misfortune.

England needed 85 runs to win. Would they get them? As we excitedly discussed our chances during the interval, Spofforth said they wouldn't. Spoff's faith

in himself and Mardoch's cheery assurance inspired the rest of us, and we filed out of the dressing-room to make the effort of our lives. When the Demon had bowled Hornby and Barlow with only 15 runs scored, we felt assured of victory, but the hitting of the Champion and Ulyett changed the complexion of the game, which then appeared to be gradually drifting away from us. Ulyett did not bat particularly well, but W.G.'s innings was a masterpiece. They were, however, separated at last, and with 53 up both had been sent to the right about.

Now began a tremendous struggle. Boyle maintained a grand length, Spofforth was well-nigh unplayable, and the fielding was perfect. The English batsmen were in the pickle Barlow and Peate had had us in on the previous day. Gradually we tightened our hold on the game; and the moment, I fancy, it was really clenched was when Steel was dismissed without scoring. So long as he remained, we could not feel perfectly safe. The situation was one of those trying ones in which I think the batsmen invariably appear at a disadvantage. A bit of fearless hitting might have snatched the game from us, but after Lyttelton and Lucas went, none of the great English batsmen could muster up the courage to have a bang, and, considering the magnificent way in which Spofforth was bowling, there was some excuse for them.

I remember on our way to England in 1882, Spoff had figured in a fancy dress ball as Mephistopheles; but, aided by art on that occasion, he did not look half the

demon he did when at the Oval on that Tuesday afternoon he sent in those marvellous breaks, almost every one of which, if it had passed the bat, would have hit the wicket. The later English batsmen have been blamed for their want of nerve. One gentleman in the pavilion is said to have remarked, "If they would only play with straight bats they would be sure to get the runs," to which his companion, a lady, replied, "Would they really? Couldn't you get them some?" But their failure was pardonable. If W. G. had been at one end and Murdoch at the other, Spofforth might have been beaten, but I doubt it. Irresistible as an avalanche, he had bowled his last 11 overs for 2 runs and 4 wickets. The finest piece of bowling I have ever seen! Nevertheless, as I have said, the English batsmen were blamed, ever ridiculed, and it was at this time that the *London Sporting Times* created the ashes, by publishing the following "In Memoriam" notice:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

of

ENGLISH CRICKET,

Which died at the Oval,

on

29th August, 1882.

Deeply lamented by a large circle
of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.

R. I. P.

N.B.—The body will be cremated, and the
ashes taken to Australia.

Such a scene of excitement as ensued after the match I have seldom seen on a cricket ground. While the

tension had lasted the spectators rarely gave vent to their feelings, and when Peate, the last man, was caught they seemed unable for a moment or two to realise that England had actually been beaten. That great crowd was like a man stunned. But they soon forgot their sorrow to applaud us, and we had cheer after cheer from those healthy British lungs. A small coterie of Australians, who sat in the pavilion, were wild with joy; and I remember Mrs. Beal, the mother of our manager, running down the steps, and I being the first who came along, although I had contributed as little as anybody towards the victory, found her arms around my neck, and a motherly kiss implanted upon my brow.

Punch congratulated us in the following lines:—

“ Well done, Cornstalks! Whipt us
Fair and square,
Was it luck that tript us?
Was it scare?
Kangaroo Land's 'Demon,' or our own
Want of 'devil,' coolness, nerve, backbone? ”

It is not in the nature of Englishmen to smart under defeat, without an effort at revenge. Accordingly, by the time the 1882 Eleven reached home, they found a strong English Eleven under the Hon. Ivo Bligh awaiting them. Of course that team was not representative of England's strength with such giants as Grace, Ulyett, and Peate away, yet it was a strong one, and the series of matches which followed were extremely well contested. The Hon. Ivo had been called “ St. Ivo,” and his tour

had been alluded to as a pilgrimage after the ashes, so that our matches were invested with something of the air of romance.

The 1882 Australian Eleven met the English team three times, but unfortunately each game was sadly interfered with by rain. In the first match we had the best of the wicket, and won by 9 wickets; in the second and third our opponents were favoured by the weather, and they won one game with an innings to spare, and the other by 69 runs.

Three splendid bowling performances are the only features worth recalling in connection with these three contests. Bates, that brilliant all-round Yorkshire player, was the hero of the first and best of them. It was in our first innings of the second trial of strength, and he not only secured 7 wickets for 28 runs, but accomplished the hat trick—the only such record, unless I am very much mistaken, in test matches. Percy McDonnell was his first victim, bowled; I was next, caught and bowled; and Bonnor, the third, caught by Walter Read. Bates's whole record for the match was 55 runs, and 13 wickets for 102 runs, and it says something for the generosity of the Australian crowd, that for a visitor, who had been the principal instrument in defeating their own champions, they raised a collection of about £30.

Spofforth and Barlow were the bowling heroes of the last match, as they had been exactly five months before

at the Oval. The wicket was a queer one, and the Demon, bowling throughout an innings of 144, captured 7 wickets for 44. This time it was our turn to have last innings, but with 153 runs between us and victory, we faced a practically impossible task. Barlow was unplayable, as an analysis of 7 for 40 indicates.

Barlow I consider one of the finest all-round men I have played against. Without possessing the resource of A. G. Steel, his wonderful defensive powers were often effectively displayed, and his dodgy bowling was, when the wicket gave him the least assistance, very difficult to combat.

These three matches had aroused intense enthusiasm, and upon their conclusion a number of Australian ladies presented the English captain with a tiny urn containing ashes, upon the souvenir being inscribed, "The Ashes of English cricket."

St. Ivo was, however, not destined to take the ashes back with him. Neither the Australian players nor the public were satisfied with the result of the games, for one thing, because the elements had played so unfortunate a part in them, and for another, because some of our men had shown that they were clean out of form. Therefore an extra match was arranged, and McDonnell, Massie, and Garrett, who had done nothing, were replaced by Evans, Boyle, and Midwinter. I give the names of our Eleven, because I consider it to have been the strongest Australia had until that time placed in



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A. PROBERTS.

J. DARLING.

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the field: Murdoch, Bannerman, Horan, Spofforth, Blackham, Boyle, Palmer, Bonnor, Evans, Midwinter, and myself.

We won the match by 4 wickets, after a curious mixture of poor and brilliant cricket, such as one has fortunately seldom seen repeated in a test match. The Englishmen got in first and made 263, of which Steel's share was 135 not out. He was missed before he had broken the ice, and three times more during the next hour, but after that his batting was perfect. Faulty as our fielding had been, what can be said of that of our opponents, who missed Bonnor no fewer than seven times? No wonder the Magog of cricketers made 87. We finished up one run to the bad. This prepared the way for an exciting finish, and we did indeed have one almost comparable with that when we won by seven runs.

The all-round play of each side in the second innings was of the finest description. Seven of the Englishmen reached double figures, yet the total was only 197. We had to make 199, and as the wicket had not worn any too well the task was a serious one, so serious that Murdoch went in first himself with Alec Bannerman. The start was not encouraging. The bowling was so accurate, and the fielding so smart, that even Murdoch could not score, and with Alec stonewalling for all he was worth, maiden after maiden was bowled, in fact I have never seen slower scoring, from a pair of batsmen, for so prolonged a period. With three men, including

Murdoch, out for 55, our chance was not a rosy one. Then I went in with a man to run for me, and Bannerman and I put on 56. At 107 Bannerman, who had latterly scored at a furious rate, was disposed of for 63. Blackham came in and began to lay about him in his characteristic way. In the first innings he had made 57, and when he got going again our hopes were raised. The bowling was splendid; but when he got a start on a hard wicket, our fearless wicket-keeper was always apt to make any bowling look simple. At 162 I was stumped, and as Evans was straightway run out, the chances were about even, as we had only Midwinter, Palmer, Spofforth, and Boyle to come in. Sturdy, imperturbable Mid, the only cricketer who has played for both England and Australia in test matches, joined Blackham, and, cautiously defending his wicket, watched his partner knock off the runs, which he did without once faltering. Blackham carried out his bat for 58, and he himself was chaired to the pavilion on the broad shoulders of several of the delighted spectators—an experience probably unique in the annals of the test matches.

When in 1882 we had defeated All England, regret had been expressed that the players of the Old Country had not been given an opportunity to avenge their defeat, so that we of the 1884 team found three test matches arranged for us. When we arrived we saw by the papers how keen Englishmen were for revenge. One of the leading London dailies—the *Standard*—in a special

leader, called upon English cricketers "to sink all county, university, and club considerations, and combine to form practice teams, to check, if possible, the advance of the Australian invader." We realised at once that we should have to take those ashes through fire again before we would be allowed to retain them in Australia. Of the three matches played, however, only one was finished, and England winning that one, regained the ashes, although we had the best of the two drawn games.

In the initial game at Manchester there was some cricket of high quality on a slow wicket; the best individual performance was Boyle's 6 for 42 in England's first innings.

We were outplayed in the return match at Lord's, and were beaten by an innings, after we had won the toss and gone in first. Our first innings realised only 229, and our second fewer still—145—Ulyett, on a worn wicket, on the last day holding us at his mercy, and securing 7 wickets for 36 runs.

The catch with which Ulyett dismissed Bonnor I regard as one of the most brilliant I have seen. Bonnor was sent in third wicket down to knock off the dangerous Yorkshireman, and he tried hard to fulfil his mission. He got one fourer, then made a mighty drive. Every one looked down the ground to see where the ball landed, and the spectators began to open a space in the ring, but the ball did not reach the crowd. Ulyett put up his

hand, and meeting it with the right spot of his hand held it. I was Bonnor's *vis-d-vis* at the time and thoroughly appreciated the merit of that effort.

A. G. Steel was, however, the real hero on the English side. He went in when W. G., Lucas, and Shrewsbury were out for 90. Things might easily have turned against England had not a batsman of Steel's calibre barred our way. Before Palmer bowled him he had made 148, and the total was 379. This was the very best innings I saw Steel play, and one of the finest contributed against us in test matches. The intensity of English feeling over these matches was indicated by this phrase applied to Steel: "Sporting England owes him a debt of gratitude for his performance."

It is strange how badly Australians have on the whole shaped at Lord's. I only know of two Australian batsmen—H. J. H. Scott in the earlier teams and J. J. Lyons in those of later years—who have with tolerable consistency done justice to their reputations on the M.C.C. ground. There, indeed, Lyons has done some of his finest hitting. Australians have more than once shockingly failed on the ground in a most unaccountable way. We have put it down in a great measure to the light, which has not always been so bright and clear as we like it. Then, too, the absence of a sight board at the Pavilion end at Lord's makes it awkward to watch the flight of the ball, the bowler's hand often being lost in a forest of black hats at the back of it. But really, I think



A BIG MATCH AT LORDS.



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the failures are due more to imagination than to anything else. Our batsmen have got the idea into their heads that Lord's is one of their "unlucky" grounds, and with such a superstition dominating them, stupid though it may be, they have not done themselves justice. Considering that it was here that Australians accomplished their first sensation by defeating M.C.C. in a day, the superstition I have mentioned seems absolutely ridiculous. Nevertheless it exists. Perhaps the particular goddess who controls the destinies of cricketers is making Australians pay, whenever they appear at Lord's, for having in 1878 trailed the Union Jack of English cricket in the mud on that famous ground!

The interest taken in the third 1884 match was tremendous. Having one game on the slate, England was determined not to lose her advantage, and to this end the team to oppose us was not chosen until the last moment. Then the following magnificent eleven was put in the field: Lord Harris, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, W. G. Grace, A. G. Steel, W. W. Read, Barlow, Barnes, Shrewsbury, Peate, Ulyett, and Scotton—the strongest side which, in my humble judgment, has ever represented England.

The weather being exceedingly hot was all in our favour. The cold English days have often seriously incommoded Australians, who have found their warm blood so chilled that they have been unable to enjoy fielding as it should be enjoyed, and mistakes otherwise

unaccountable have been made. On August 11, 1884, however, we were in our element; it was so warm that several of the spectators fainted.

That first day was one of the most glorious Australian batsmen have had at the expense of English bowlers. The early dismissal of Bannerman did not augur well, but during the remainder of the afternoon only one wicket fell. The total when we adjourned was 363 for 2 wickets, and three men had made centuries—Murdoch, 145 not out; McDonnell, 103; and Scott, 101, not out. And this against Peate, Barlow, Barnes, Steel, and Ulyett! Surely no other team ever had quite so hopeless an afternoon's work. There were mistakes in the field, but on the whole the batting was magnificent. Next day we concluded our innings for 551, of which Murdoch made 211, the highest individual score recorded in the whole series of test matches, and probably the masterpiece of Murdoch's brilliant career.

One of the interesting features of the innings was that every man on the English side had a try at the bowling crease, and a notable circumstance was that when all the cracks had failed Alfred Lyttelton went on, and with underhand lobes took 4 wickets for 19, which shows what wonders a change may accomplish.

With the wicket in such splendid order we entertained no real hope of getting England out twice; but so finely did Palmer bowl at a critical period of the first innings that for a short while we thought we might squeeze

home, as 8 wickets had fallen for 181. Then, however, Walter Read came in—as *test* man, mind—and knocked our bowling all over the field until he had made 117. Scotton, it will be remembered, played a grand defensive game, and 151 runs were put on for the ninth wicket.

I have a lively recollection of one incident of this match. The dense crowd had encroached upon the turf, and once or twice I, who was in the long field, found them in the way. What happened but that Lord Harris, the English captain, most generous and genuine of sportsmen, told the people that if they did not keep back he would not go on with the match, but would give us the game. That is the spirit, manifested at the time of keenest rivalry, that one can admire and hold up as a pattern to young players.

Of course the game was drawn, but in our favour. Nevertheless we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had demonstrated that an Australian Eleven could make a fight, on the best of wickets, with England's champions. This was eminently pleasing to us, because it had been said that we had no chance of defeating All England save on the sticky pitches whereon our demon bowler was so deadly.

In 1884-85 a remarkably powerful professional team toured the colonies, but with W. G. and Steel at home it was not an All England Eleven. Nevertheless there were several test matches.

The first was played at Adelaide against the returned

1884 Australian Eleven. McDonnell, Blackham, and myself practised assiduously for a fortnight to get into form, but none of the others took the interest they should have in the match, and some of them played without having had more than a day's practice since they left England. Consequently only one double figure score was made by our men beyond those which the three of us who had practised contributed. Moreover, we were without Spofforth, who had not returned from England, so that it was not surprising that we were beaten by 8 wickets. For the Englishmen, Barnes, 134-28 not out, was in great form, while for us Percy McDonnell batted beautifully for 124-83. Every one who saw those two innings of Percy's agree to this day that they never saw prettier batting. He hit more brilliantly at Manchester in 1888, but at Adelaide he played perfectly true cricket, and the way he placed the ball was a treat to watch. I wished I were anywhere but in the middle of the ground after I had run him out in the second innings, when he seemed certain to gain the double century, which no one has done in a test match. No one has gone nearer than McDonnell, although Arthur Shrewsbury in 1893 scored 106 and 81.

Four other games were played by Shaw's team against selected elevens of Australia, but not one of the Australian elevens was representative, owing to an unfortunate dispute with the visitors over money matters, which was prolonged further than it should have been. How-



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MELBOURNE.

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ever, some of the 1884 team played in the last two matches. Of the four, England and Australia won two each.

Unquestionably the strongest of the four elevens Australia placed in the field that season was the one which played in the third match, and won by 8 wickets, after our opponents had opened the contest with a score of 269. I bowled nearly throughout the innings, and secured 7 wickets, 6 clean bowled, for 117 runs. Bonnor, who made 123, hit magnificently when the chances seemed against us, and he and Jones put on 154 for the eighth wicket. A useful lead of 40 runs was thoroughly appreciated, for when rain came the Englishmen could only make 77.

Against a weaker team in the last match England won in grand style by an innings and 93 runs. Arthur Shrewsbury batted splendidly for 105 not out in a total of 386, while Ulyett took 7 wickets for 77 runs.

I shall not attempt to go at length into the three test matches played in England by the 1886 Australian Eleven. The first we lost by 4 wickets, the second by an innings and 106 runs, and the third by an innings and 217 runs. In the first game we made a real good fight, inasmuch as, though England only had to make 106 runs in the second innings, the wickets of Grace, Scotton, Shrewsbury, Walter Read, Barlow, and Ulyett were lost before the runs were hit off. In the other two games we were crushed.

Arthur Shrewsbury played a masterly innings for 164 at Lord's, undoubtedly the best, though not the highest, hit against our bowling during the tour. The wicket was none too clever. It was a fiery Lord's pitch, and most first-class batsmen know what that means, but his defence was perfect, and he played all the bowling as though it were simple as A B C.

This was Briggs's first test match in England, and he signalled the event by capturing 11 wickets for only 74 runs. Merry Johnny was then, and for many years afterwards, one of the most formidable of Australia's opponents, and had he been a more reliable batsman he would, to my mind, have ranked with Steel as an all-round player next to W. G. At his best he was a very fine bowler, one who was always worrying the batsman, and always had to be watched.

Just as we had been beaten at Lord's, mainly through the instrumentality of two men, so was it the case at the Oval, but here the players were different. Shrewsbury batted finely, but it was W. G. who made 170, a score which for nine years stood as an English record in test matches. Briggs again bowled well, but it was George Lohmann's bowling that upset us, his analyses being 7 for 36 and 5 for 68.

Now for me, so far as test matches were concerned, occurred an interregnum, although during that period I may fairly reckon that I gradually rose to the zenith of my skill. Various reasons, however, co-operated to keep

me out of the struggles for the ashes, which remained in England until the Earl of Sheffield visited Australia in 1891-92. We had brought along several fine cricketers, but public interest in the game had declined, chiefly, I think, because Australia had been making so poor a show in test matches. But the advent of the noble Earl, re-introducing as it did to Australia W. G., whom the newer generation had not seen, completely revived the game, and Australians were extremely grateful to Lord Sheffield. I felt that it would ill become me to hold aloof when it came to Australia throwing down the gauntlet to our powerful visitors, and I played in all three test games, which I may say roused most intense interest.

CHAPTER IX

FIGHTS FOR THE ASHES (*continued*)

1892-1896

JANUARY 1, 1892, the opening day of the first test match with Lord Sheffield's team, may be regarded as the dawn of a new era in Australian cricket. While the ashes of Australian cricket were being scattered to the four winds in England, the critics had said that now that Murdoch, Spofforth, Boyle, Palmer, and McDonnell had passed out of the arena, Australia could not replace them: they had been phenomena. And this argument probably brought some consolation to Englishmen for the 1882 defeat. But in the era which began on New Year's Day at Melbourne, six years ago, we were to demonstrate that Australia had produced another generation of cricketers, who were worthy successors to the Tritons of former days.

The Australian Eleven, in the first match against Lord Sheffield's Eleven, comprised Blackham, Bannerman, Moses, Lyons, Turner, Bruce, G. H. S. Trott, R. McLeod,

Donnan, Callaway, and myself, so that there were only three of us—Blackham, Bannerman, and myself—who had played in the sensational match at the Oval in 1882. Maurice Read was the solitary member of the Earl's Eleven who had played in that game.

I had taken part in many sternly and stoutly contested battles before, but never in one in which the struggle was so stubbornly prolonged as in this one, which extended into the fifth day, and I have never since, I say without the slightest hesitation, taken part in a match in which the all-round play of both sides attained so high a standard.

From the moment Bannerman and Lyons began our batting, it was evident how stubborn the fight was going to be. Even Lyons would not attempt to hit, and thus early gave the Melbourne crowd an opportunity to display its capacity for "barracking"—a faculty which is the distinguishing characteristic of Australian crowds, and notably of those at Melbourne and Sydney.

Throughout a match at Melbourne or Sydney a running fire of audible comment is maintained by a number of the spectators, and some very amusing advice is tendered to the players. For instance, when they saw Lyons batting against Peel and Sharpe, as though he were a stonewaller, he was advised to " 'It 'un over the chains, Jack." A couple of days before this match, when he was playing for New South Wales against Victoria, they had ridiculed Alec Bannerman's stonewalling. Now they applauded

him to the echo, and every time he played a ball came a chorus of "Well played, Alec." George Lohmann bowled a whole over of off-theory to the stonewaller, who quietly allowed all six balls to pass unheeded. Did these people revile him? Not a bit of it. Instead, there came from one stentorian voice, "Why don't you bowl at the wicket, Lohmann?" And from another, "Watch him, umpire, he's bowling wides." These remarks are very often discomfiting to the players; but it is remarkable that, on the whole, they evince no little knowledge of the intricacies of the game.

Once, in an intercolonial contest, I had a laugh at their expense. Percy Lewis had been hitting me rather freely, and every time he knocked a fourer came the cry, "Why don't you take yourself off, George?" But the smile was on my side when I clean bowled Percy. In this 1892 test match, W. G., who dearly loves his little joke, took a rise out of the barrackers. A splendid ball from Bob McLeod just "takes the paint" off the leg stump. W. G. wags his beard as though to say, "Bad luck to it," and takes three strides towards the pavilion. Instantly up goes a wild shout. Twenty thousand pairs of hands are clapping; but the old man turns round and asks for block for the next stroke. Then the crowd is silent and crestfallen, for a rise has been got out of them, and they don't like that.

Our 240 runs were earned by as fine batting as one could wish to see, for the bowling of Sharpe, Peel,



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Attewell, and Lohmann was splendid, and the fielding perfect. The Englishmen scored faster than we did, and headed our score by 24. Then we replied with 236, and left them needing 213 to win. W. G. told me that he thought they would make the runs with the loss, at the most, of six men, and when he and Stoddart had run up 60 for the first wicket, it appeared as though his prediction was going to be vindicated. Suddenly both were disposed of, and although Abel struggled manfully, the backbone of the team was gone, and in the end we won by 54.

I have said this was the most stubbornly fought game I had then played in. It ran into five days, and during that time, although the wicket was always first class, and some of the best batsmen in the world went to the wickets, the highest individual contribution was only 57. The fact of the matter was, that directly a batsman gave a chance he was caught. Indeed not a single chance that went to hand was missed, which can be written of very few matches. How differently games would result if the fielding were always so remarkable!

The batting of our men was the soundest all round we had ever exhibited. It had taken twenty years for the English batsmen to teach us that, on good wickets, matches were to be won by sound, rather than risky, batting. This match was the first great one in which Australian batsman after batsman put these precepts into practice, even Lyons and Bruce batting with remarkable

patience. For once in a way the English batting was of the brilliant school, so that our victory was the triumph of the pupils over the masters. To give an idea of the different style of batting adopted by the two teams I need only say that, although there was only 54 runs difference between us, the Englishmen bowled twice as many overs, and more than three times as many maidens, as we did. Many of the maidens were, however, accounted for by the presence in our team of a Bannerman—they had none. Alec scored 45 and 41, and batted in the respective innings three hours and a quarter and four hours.

And now we won the rubber. The return match was played at Sydney, and we were the favourites; even our opponents thought we would win with four or five wickets to spare. We started badly. The ground was drying after rain, and when Jack Blackham won the toss he was in a quandary. The wicket, though not a bad one, would help the bowlers slightly, and unless more rain fell it was bound to improve. However, the only game was to go in first. This we did, and our opponents got rid of us for 145, or, rather, George Lohmann did, for he secured 8 wickets for only 58 runs. The wicket assisted him a little, but really he bowled magnificently. He was at his best then, and on that day was unplayable. I had a great admiration for Lohmann's bowling. He was a bowler after my own heart. Seldom troubling to try to weary batsmen with off-theory, he preferred to out-manceuvre them, and I doubt whether England has produced, in my time, a



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bowler of more resource and one who had greater command over the ball.

England responded with 307. Almost entirely to one man was a score of that magnitude due, and that one was Bobby Abel, who carried his bat through the innings—the only occasion, I believe, on which it has been done for England in a test match. His contribution was 132; the next score to his was 28! It was a perfect display, as fine a one as I have seen him give. Without taking the slightest risk, he met all the bowling with provoking confidence, and made some beautiful strokes.

Australia lost one—Trott's—wicket, on the second day, for one run; and, as Moses was incapacitated, our task seemed a hopeless one. But there was in store for us one of those marvellous innings which have made Australian hitters famous. Much as one admires and commends steady batting, one realises that there are occasions when desperate remedies, when kill-or-cure hitting, alone can win a game. When Lyons joined Bannerman we were 162 runs in arrears; when he left we were 13 runs on. But in this innings Lyons did not hit in the ferocious manner which was to set England agog eighteen months later. He really played sound cricket, such as many had not dreamt him to be capable of, yet his strokes made the ball travel like a cannon-shot. It took him nearly three hours to compile his 134, which for him was slow scoring. Bannerman and I were not parted for some time, and at the close of the day we had 263 runs

up, having during the afternoon scored 262 for the loss of two wickets.

Next day rain fell, and the innings closed at 391. Alec Bannerman was responsible for the odd 91. I shall never forget the sight of the field crowded around him as he stonewalled. There was W. G. at point, almost on the point of his bat; Lohmann a couple of yards away at slip; Peel at silly point; Stoddart only a dozen yards away at mid-off; and Briggs at silly mid-on. One gentleman remarked that it reminded him of the famous painting, "Anguish," in which a bevy of crows are swarming round a dead lamb, over which the mother is watching. A barracker once called out, "Look out, Alec, or W. G. will have his hand in your pocket." But Alec stonewalled on, imperturbably blocking the straight ones, sardonically smiling at the off-theory, and judiciously tapping a rare loose one to leg. Suddenly he swished at an off ball, and cut it past W. G.'s ear to the boundary, and then what a yell rent the air! - He was eventually caught by W. G. off Briggs, who had simply tossed the balls down slowly, with as much twizzle as possible on them, in the hope that he might lead Alec into an indiscretion. But the Englishmen had to wait seven and a half hours for that indiscretion! Truly, patience is a virtue.

Thinking the wicket would be worse on the morrow, W. G. sent in his batsmen in the usual order, and we got rid of him, Abel, and Bean for 11 runs. The G. O. M.

was blamed, afterwards, for not having sacrificed the tail end; but that was next day, when the wicket was found to roll out better than had been expected. Stoddart made a valiant effort, but we won by 73. And thus the English ashes returned to Australia, and we regained possession of our own treasured emblems.

We were beaten at Adelaide in a third match with Lord Sheffield's team by an innings and 230 runs; but inasmuch as the Englishmen completed their innings of 499 on a perfect wicket, and we had to bat twice after the pitch had been damaged by rain, we had no reason to feel ashamed of the result.

Not long were Australians allowed to remain in possession of the ashes. They took them to England in 1893, and there they were compelled to leave them. The all-round cricket exhibited by our men in those matches was not worthy of their reputations; if our fielding had only been half as good as it had been in Australia in 1891-92, we might have come out of the ordeal in England with honours.

We had a wonderful chance in the first trial of skill at Lord's, where we met England without W. G. for the first time on English soil, an injured finger keeping the master-hand from operating upon us. The winning of the toss by Stoddart was of no advantage to him, on account of the dampness of the wicket on the opening day; but we threw away a golden chance by missing Shrewsbury and Jackson early in their innings, and both

of them afterwards played magnificently—the one patient, the other brilliant. We had to face 334, at least 150 more than should have been the case. Then came Lockwood to upset our first batsmen, and we had five wickets down for 75. A plucky stand by Graham and Gregory saved us, and after all we were only 65 runs behind. The two famous Nottingham players, Shrewsbury and Gunn, wore down our bowling in the second innings, and the match ended in an unsatisfactory draw.

The second game was the only one finished, and it was a grand triumph for the old country, who massed the magnificent total of 483. Grace and Stoddart's 151 for the first wicket drove the first nail into our coffin, and Jackson sent a longer one home by hitting up 103. I conceived a great admiration for the young Cantab's batting from his displays in the 1893 test matches. He is certainly one of the finest, and at the same time most judicious, forcing batsman England has produced for many a day, a worthy successor for the test matches to Walter Read. On true Australian wickets he would prove a tough nut to crack.

Australia should have saved that game considering that the Oval wicket remained in splendid run-getting order until the last ball was bowled. Worned, however, by our long outing, we fell easy victims to Lockwood and Briggs, although weariness is not sufficient excuse for our first collapse for 91 runs. That we were capable of

something better was demonstrated in the second innings, when we reached 349, Harry Trott batting grandly for 92. Still we could not avert the innings defeat.

As usual we played better at Old Trafford than we had at either Lord's or the Oval. The game was the most stoutly contested of the trio, but was drawn slightly in favour of England. Here we faced Richardson for the first time in a test match, and he secured the fine analysis of 5 for 49. Once more a century was hit against us, so that we had had one in each of the test matches. On this occasion Gunn batted finely for 102 not out, at a time when it seemed on the cards that England would have been in arrears on the first innings.

Now one comes to that remarkable series of fights for the ashes which took place during the tour of Stoddart's team in Australia in 1894-95. One may fairly say that Australians were the favourites, the prevailing notion being that, although Richardson had bowled so grandly in England in 1893, he would not be in the least deadly on the hard, true Australian wickets. South Australia had beaten the invading Eleven, and New South Wales had made a splendid fight, and, as fine batsmen like Darling and Iredale had already made their century against the Englishmen, it was no more than natural that the public should have confidently awaited the issue of the five fateful contests.

The first game was played at Sydney, and it will be a long time before its sensational incidents fade from

one's memory. Probably a more remarkable match has never been played. The start was sensational enough in all conscience, for at 10 Richardson bowled Lyons off his pad, and at 21 clean beat Trott and Darling with successive balls. Then, however, came a long stand by Iredale and myself. Here I may say that I had trained specially for that season's play. During Lord Sheffield's tour, being unwell, I did not do myself justice, and there were plenty of critics who said that, though I could score in intercolonials, it was significant that I had not done so in the great test matches. Determined to vindicate myself, I went through a severe course of winter training, and began the season in as fine fettle as ever I was in. To resume, then, the thread of my narrative, Iredale, who batted perfectly, made 81 and helped me to put on 171, and then Syd Gregory and I added 139. When I had made 161, Ford caught me at slip. This I consider the best innings I have played. The score at the close of the first day was 346 for 5 wickets, and that after we had had three men out for 21! Gregory batted magnificently, and he and Blackham added 154 for the ninth wicket, which is a record for test matches, just heading Walter Read and Scotton's 151 at the Oval in 1884. Our total at Sydney was 586. Little Syd's was a wonderful innings, one of the most attractive I have ever seen. It roused the spectators, and there were nearly 30,000 of them, to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that a collection of £103 was made for him.

With 586 runs on the slate, we never for one second dreamt of losing the game. We were even sanguine of getting rid of the powerful lot of batsmen on the opposing side twice before they had reached our score. They, however, fought an uphill game with wonderful pluck and persistence; but an injury to Blackham in their first innings—an injury which closed his first-class career—seriously handicapped us. The Englishmen were 261 in arrears at the end of their first innings, and, if we had had a wicket-keeper, I doubt whether their second innings would have reached 300. One was, however, bound to admire the English batting in the second innings. One after the other the batsmen went in and played "keeps," and gradually wore down the bowling, and in the end we were left with 177 to make.

Our task did not in the least appal us, because the wicket was as true as ever when we began our second innings, and when, at the close of the fifth day, we had scored 113 for 2 wickets, the match seemed as good as won. All of us thought so that night save Blackham, who feared rain. I know I turned in to rest with an easy mind on the subject. When I awoke next morning and found the glorious sun streaming into my room, I was in ecstasy. But the first man I met outside was Blackham, with a face as long as a coffee-pot. The explanation of his looks came with the remark, "It has been pouring half the night, George." Even then, so beautiful was the morning, it seemed difficult to realise that rain had

fallen, but when we reached the ground and found the wicket ruined we knew we would have to battle for those 64 runs.

Did ever a team have such cruel luck? To make 586 and then be beaten by the wicket! Some one said the rain beat us, but Blackham was nearer the mark when he rejoined, "No, it was the sun that did it." However, we could not entirely begrudge our opponents their victory, for against tremendous odds they had fought magnificently.

Inasmuch as our first innings is a record for test matches, and the aggregate for the game is, I believe, a world's record, I think the complete score is worth presenting:—

AUSTRALIA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. J. Lyons, b Richardson ..	1	b Richardson ..	35
G. H. A. Trott, b Richardson ..	13	e Gay, b Peel ..	3
J. Darling, b Richardson ..	0	e Brockwell, b Peel ..	53
P. A. Isdale, e Stoddart, b Ford ..	81	e & b Briggs ..	5
G. Giffen, e Ford, b Brockwell ..	161	How, b Briggs ..	41
J. Readman, e Ford, b Peel ..	17	et Gay, b Peel ..	4
C. McLeod, b Richardson ..	15	not out ..	2
C. T. R. Turner, e Gay, b Peel ..	1	e Briggs, b Peel ..	2
H. E. Gregory, e Peel, b Stoddart ..	93	e Gay, b Peel ..	16
J. McC. Blackham, b Richardson ..	74	e & b Peel ..	2
E. Jones, not out ..	11	e McLaren, b Briggs ..	1
Extras ..	12	Extras ..	7
Total ..	586	Total ..	104

Bowling.

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Peel ..	53	14	160	2	..	36	9	67	6
Briggs ..	25	4	96	—	..	11	9	20	2
Lockwood ..	3	2	1	—	..	26	3	40	—
Brockwell ..	22	7	78	1	..	—	—	—	—
Stoddart ..	3	—	31	1	..	—	—	—	—
Yard ..	11	2	47	1	..	—	—	—	—
Richardson ..	53	13	181	3	..	11	3	27	1

Ford bowled 1 wide; Lockwood 4 no-balls



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LORD SHEFFIELD'S ELEVEN F. AUSTRALIANS 1904

BRISTOL.

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ENGLAND.

First Innings.				Second Innings.			
A. C. MacLaren, c Readman, b				b Giffen	..	..	20
Turner	4			b Giffen, b Turner	..	..	26
A. H. Stoddart, c Jones, b Giffen	12			b Jones, b Giffen	..	..	53
J. T. Brown, run out	52			b Giffen	..	..	117
A. Ward, c Ireland, b Turner ..	75			b Giffen	..	..	17
R. Peel, c Gregory, b Giffen ..	4			b & b McLeod	..	..	69
F. G. J. Ford, st Blackham, b				b Jones	..	..	37
Giffen	20			b Trott	..	..	29
W. Brookwell, c Blackham, b				b McLeod	..	..	42
Jones	49			b Trott	..	..	4
W. H. Lockwood, c Giffen, b				not out	..	..	12
Trott	18			Extras	..	..	24
J. Briggs, b Giffen	57						
L. H. Gay, c Gregory, b Readman	24						
T. Richardson, not out	0						
Extras	21						
Total	335			Total			477

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Lyons	2	3	—	—	..	2	—	12	—
Readman	93	1	12	1	..	6	1	12	—
Trott	15	4	59	1	..	184	2	92	2
Jones	19	7	44	1	..	12	—	38	1
Turner	44	25	82	2	..	25	24	73	1
Giffen	63	27	75	4	..	75	25	164	4
McLeod	24	3	25	—	..	30	7	67	2

Jones bowled me wide.

The second game, played at Melbourne, led to another remarkable exhibition of cricket. One incident is specially noteworthy. We began on a Saturday upon a heavy wicket, and as the weather prospects were good Stoddart and I agreed, before we tossed, that at the close of the day's play we should have the wicket rolled out, otherwise the marks made by the feet in the soft turf would by Monday have hardened, and the wicket would have played badly. On the first day each side was disposed of, we leading by 48 runs.

Then on the Monday, with the wicket perfect, began the struggle. The Englishmen became stonewallers. Even Stoddart completely discarded his usual tactics and

played almost as slowly as a Bannerman, until it was impossible to recognise in him the brilliant batsman who, going in first with W. G. in England in 1893, had slated our bowling so severely. But Stoddart was captain now, and he had to set his men an example. Nobly he accomplished his task, for he notched 173, and by topping W. G.'s 170 gaining an English test match record. It was at the close of that great innings that Stoddart, replying to a comment on his slow batting, made a remark which he subsequently used as a peg upon which to hang many of his speeches: "Well, I had to buck up for England, home, and beauty."

If the captain had batted patiently, what of Peel—three and a half hours for 53, and 37 of his runs were singles! Some one, an Australian of course, remonstrated with him. "I hope you are not going to develop into one of those wretched Scottons, Bobby," to which he replied, "Aye, aye, but I must play the game." He did, too, and we know what it cost us. The popular little Yorkshireman has done valiant service for England in Australia both with bat and ball. He and Johnny Briggs have often been associated, and it would be difficult to say which has done the better service. Perhaps I had better not attempt such an invidious task. Suffice it to say that Peel has given our bowlers a great deal more trouble than Briggs. Our fast wickets have suited him to a nicety, and he has seldom failed to score in important games.

We were set 428 in our second innings, and thought we had an outside chance. Bruce and Trott led off with 98 for the first wicket, and when, with 190 up, Trotty and I were still going, our prospects were really bright. But a sudden change came o'er the scene. Brockwell went on and in half a dozen overs got rid of Trott, myself, and Darling. Thenceforward our opponents held the upper hand and won by 94 runs.

We won the next two games, at Adelaide by 383 runs, and at Sydney by an innings and 147, but each time we had the Englishmen at a disadvantage. At Adelaide, the heat, at Sydney, the rain, "killed" them. Throughout the Adelaide engagement the thermometer registered from 102° to 105° in the shade! While most of us were in our element, the Englishmen were almost prostrated. Some of them took two or three shower-baths during the night, which, of course, was the worst thing they could have done. Next day Callaway and I dismissed them for 124.

In connection with the game at Adelaide, there is one incident I must not forget to mention. We had made 238, and as the end of the English innings approached, and the follow-on had not been saved, it was suggested to Stoddart that it would be the best thing that his men should not try to save it. Genuine sportsman that he is, and there never was a truer, he replied, "Perhaps so, but we are going to play the game and get every run we can."

Four of the younger generation of players distinguished themselves in that match: Iredale, who scored 7-140; Albert Trott, who knocked up 38 not out, 72 not out, and in the second innings captured 8 wickets for 43; Richardson, who captured 8 of our wickets and was the only bowler to trouble us; and Callaway, who besides making 41-11, secured 5 wickets for 37 in the first innings.

I doubt whether I ever felt greater admiration for Richardson than when he took 5 wickets for 75 in our first innings. With the broiling sun streaming on the back of his curly black hair, and the intense heat trying him severely, he bowled like a veritable demon. There is a good deal about the Surrey fast bowler to remind one of our own demon of the 'eighties. Both are tall, and Richardson, like Spofforth, when he stands ready to make his run before delivering the ball, is the personification of Determination. Other English bowlers are more subtle, but not one so deadly as Tom Richardson on a wicket which gives him the least assistance. England has not, to my way of thinking, had so deadly a bowler in my time.

Albert Trott's all-round performance must be ranked amongst the finest things done in test matches. Early in the season I had been commiserating with Harry Trott, who was at the time doing nothing. He replied, "Don't mind me, but keep an eye on that young brother of mine. You'll find him a good one before the season is over."

And here I might say I feel certain that, when he plays regularly for Middlesex, he will take a prominent place in English cricket.

To secure his 8 wickets for 43, Albert bowled magnificently, with an off-break that was well-nigh unplayable, so quickly did it rise from the pitch. Thereby hangs a good tale. When he first came to Adelaide he did not take a wicket, and I made a fair score against the Victorians. Soon after his return to Melbourne, he erected three stumps, with a stout box in front of them where a bat would be if a match were being played. Then he started to bowl, and with an occasional break-back, beat the box and hit the wicket. His brother Harry came along and asked what the box was for.

"Oh, that's George Giffen."

"Easier to get past than George's bat, isn't it?" Harry suggested.

"That's just it, Harry. I found at Adelaide that straight stuff would never get him, so I am learning to bowl breaks."

I can look back upon that match with the knowledge that our fielding was the most marvellous I have ever seen. That is saying a great deal, but I am sure all the Englishmen who took part in it will agree with me. Not a ball was misfielded, and there was really some extraordinary catching by Worrall and Harry, who seemed to have put forth extra exertions to balance their failures with the bat.

The Sydney match was spoilt by rain, and we had the best of the wicket. We had been sent in, and when 6 wickets were down for 51, it looked bad for us, but Graham and Darling tided us over until the stickiness left the pitch, and Albert Trott afterwards hitting up 85, we reached 284 after thinking we would be all out for under 100. Graham's 105 was the finest innings he has played, for until he had reached about 40 the wicket was a difficult one.

It was now our turn to have the Englishmen on toast, as they had had us a couple of months before, upon the same ground. Play had to be adjourned for a day on account of a record storm which raged at Sydney on the Saturday, and when resumed on the Monday the wicket was so bad that our opponents could only make 65 and 72. Peel, as in the Adelaide match, earned a pair of spectacles, and it is curious that in each innings at Sydney, his score read, "st. Jarvis, b. Turner, 0."

With the record "two all," the excitement during the month which elapsed prior to the conquering match, was raised to fever heat. We had been chopping and changing our team throughout the series, and considerable interest was taken in the selection for the final struggle. When McKibbin was chosen instead of Turner, there was a great deal of controversy, but on intercolonial form and with a good wicket in prospect I am sure we acted wisely.

By the time the 1st of March came round, thousands of people had poured into Melbourne from all parts of

the colonies. Coasting steamers were crowded. Special trains brought human freight in hundreds from Sydney and Adelaide. What wonder, then, that during the five days over which that great game extended, 63,469 people paid for admission, and that the receipts amounted to £4,003 14s.—records not only for Australia, but for the world! The total attendance, including members, exceeded 100,000. The play which followed was worthy the mammoth attendance.

The excitement extended to the players, and not the least to the captains. I know that when Stoddart and I went into the ring to toss and arrange preliminaries, he was as white as a sheet, and I have been told that the pallor of my own countenance matched his. It was a trying moment, for both knew that with two such strong batting sides, much depended on the toss. I won it, and I felt as though a great burden had been lifted from my shoulders. Poor Stoddart gave me a despairing look, which said as plainly as words, "I'm afraid it's all over, George."

When we had made 414, we thought it was all right, and when we had Stoddart, Brown, Ward, and Brockwell out for 166 it still looked good enough for us. Then came a great partnership by MacLaren and Peel, who added 162. They, however, were lucky. I missed MacLaren badly through an injury to the little finger of my right hand, which made it painful for me to hold the ball (a ball from Lockwood did it just before I got

out in the first innings), and I may be pardoned for the egotism when I say that by thus crippling me he contributed materially to the English victory. Apart from the chances, MacLaren's batting was very fine, and Peel's scarcely less so. The total reached 385, and we were thus only 29 runs on.

In our second innings we expected to make at least 350, but a terrible dust storm on the fourth morning made the light bad, and a gale blowing across the ground caused Richardson's fast bowling to be very awkward. This was the only occasion during the season in which he bowled me (I pulled an off ball on to the wicket), although in England in 1893 there was only one innings in which I faced him that he did not bowl my wicket down. Under the circumstances, our 267 was not half a bad score.

The Englishmen were set 297, and, as every one knows, they got them for the loss of four wickets. A mild Scotch mist made the wicket on the last day as easy as it had been at any time during the match, and Johnny Brown and Albert Ward did as they liked with our bowling, Brown especially playing with wonderful brilliance for his 140. We had one large slice of bad luck. Immediately upon resuming play after lunch on the last day, Jarvis caught Ward at the wicket; but the bowler got in the way of Jim Phillips, who could not see the catch, and gave Albert in. There can be no question but that Ward touched the ball. As over 140 runs were

then required, we might have had a very close finish if Ward had gone, because we should have played up with renewed vigour. I have been blamed for keeping myself on too long in that innings. I know I did not bowl well, but throughout I acted in concert with Harry Trott, and more than once, when I wanted to go off, he said, "No, Giff, you are bowling better than any of us, and had better stay on."

Stoddart was naturally as proud as we were disappointed, that England had won the rubber, and after the match frankly admitted that results had exceeded his expectations. He was very anxious to possess the ball used in the last innings to take back as a memento to England. He told Jack Blackham he would give his soul to secure it, and Old Jack had very little difficulty under the circumstances in persuading Tom McKibbin to hand it over in exchange for a photo of the English captain.

Despite the frequent changing of our Elevens, I think Australia really had the stronger sides in 1894-95, and nothing but the cruel luck experienced in the first match prevented us from repossessing the ashes.

I had a very good record in the test matches against Stoddart's team, and the public of Australia, "in recognition of my services to Australian cricket," presented me with a purse of 400 sovereigns.

Of the last three matches played in England in 1896, I do not propose to say very much, because the events are

so clear in the minds of those who follow the noble game. One could not help noticing that "W. G." and myself were the only pair who had taken part in the great struggle in 1882 who were still playing in test matches. Blackham, Bannerman, and Maurice Read had lasted a long time, but all three had dropped out, and "W. G." and myself were left alone amongst the newer generation of players.

Nothing can be said in extenuation of Australia's miserable batting failure at Lord's—a failure which, considering the excellence of the wicket, is a greater reproach to Australian batting than England's was at the Oval towards the close of the 1882 match. The magnificent batting of Trott and Gregory in the second innings gave us a second chance, which we threw away on the last morning by faulty fielding.

Grand as was Trott's batting at Lord's, one is fain to admit that it was eclipsed by Prince Ranjitsinhji's magnificent play at Old Trafford in the second match. The Prince's 154 not out was absolutely the finest innings I have seen. Just think of it! He made 154 and was then unconquered, although the ten Englishmen, including "W. G." Stoddart, Abel, Jackson, Brown, and MacLaren, could only account for 151 between them. But then Ranjy is the batting wonder of the age. His play was a revelation to us, with his marvellous cutting and his extraordinary hitting to leg. I have never seen anything to equal it

That last wretched match played in the mud at the Oval was a farce. What seemed likely to be the game of games, the greatest ever known, was completely spoiled. England won through batting for over an hour on the first day when the wicket was easy. Afterwards it was sticky, and batsmen were at the mercy of the bowlers. Nevertheless, one must not withhold due praise from Hearne and Peel for the way in which they seized their opportunity.

We lost the rubber, but we had instilled fear into the hearts of the Englishmen, and I regard our performance of defeating All England on a good wicket at Manchester as distinctly the most meritorious feat Australian cricketers have accomplished since the 1878 team beat M.C.C. in one day. We now, I think, approach nearer to the all-round standard of English excellence than ever before. The bowlers of the Old Country may not be quite what their great predecessors of the early 'eighties were, but the batting is as fine as ever. Australian batting is to my mind stronger now than ever it was, while the bowling may well bear comparison with that of bygone days.

What I should like to see, and I know it is scarcely possible, is five matches between the pick of the two great cricketing countries of the world, with wickets good throughout, and the matches played to a finish. One would confidently await the issue. The ashes are now in England, but Australia is going to make a

great effort to retake them during the next visit of Stoddart's team, and though one hesitates to assume the rôle of prophet, I may say I think we have excellent prospects.

CHAPTER X

CELEBRATED CONTEMPORARY AUSTRALIANS

THE OLD ORDER

IN making a few comments on the celebrated Australian cricketers of my time with whom I have played I have thought it well to separate them into two divisions—"The Old Order" and "The Present Generation." All players over thirty-five years of age are included amongst "The Old Order," although some of them, judging by up-to-date performances, are anything but veterans; while those on the right side of thirty-five are classed amongst "The Present Generation," albeit one or two of them have already dropped out of first-class cricket.

BANNERMAN, CHARLES (New South Wales). Born July 3, 1851. A celebrated player against whom I played only once or twice; but I shall never forget how Australia rang with his name when, at Sydney in 1877, he smote the bowling of Shaw, Lillywhite, and Southerton to the tune of 165 runs, and then terminated his innings by retirement on account of an injury to his hand. I

have heard excellent judges declare that that was the most brilliant innings they ever saw.

BANNERMAN, ALEXANDER CHAMBERS (New South Wales). Born March 21, 1859. Unquestionably the best batsman of the "barndoor" class against whom I have had to bowl, and I say that with every regard for the skill of Scotton, Barlow, and Dr. Barrett. Alec was something more than a mere stonewaller, for when a really good opportunity occurred he could hit very hard. He used always to watch for a loose one to leg in the first over of an innings, or when a new bowler was put on, and I have seen him score three fours with leg hits in one over, and then, when the bowlers had found their lengths, and their direction had improved, bat for half an hour without making a solitary notch. He had, of course, a splendid defence, and the more serious the situation the more difficult his wicket to capture. The Australian hitters have often earned the plaudits of the crowds for pulling a game out of the fire; while oftener than not Alec has been plodding along at the other end almost unobserved, except by the bowlers and fieldsmen, whose patience he was all the time wearing out. At his best he was one of the most brilliant fields Australia has had, and at the same time he was remarkably safe.

He was always very keen and hard-working; in fact his keenness often developed into downright seriousness. I remember once we had an erratic, lightsome player on our side, who, to beguile the tedium of waiting between

the overs, sang snatches of music-hall ditties. Alec stood it for awhile, then marched up to our merry friend, and, with the sternness of a judge sentencing a murderer to death, made this speech, "Do you know, my friend, you are playing cricket? If you want to play cricket, play it; and if you want to sing, go and sing, but for Heaven's sake don't sing comic songs in the slips!" Bannerman was a capital judge of the game. It is noteworthy that prior to his first trip to England in 1878 he had not represented his colony in intercolonial matches. Nowadays a young player must win his spurs in Australia before he can hope to make the grand tour; but twenty years ago there were fewer first-class men, or brilliant fielding would not have been sufficient recommendation for inclusion in an Australian Eleven. Alec has retired from the highest sphere of cricket, although he still bats capitally in Sydney club matches.

BLACKHAM, JOHN MCCARTHY (Victoria). Born May 11, 1855. The prince of wicket-keepers. He has played in more first-class matches than any other Australian, excepting of course Murdoch, whose connection with Sussex has enabled him to beat Blackham's record. Australia has had two heroes, each of whom the populace have familiarly called "Old Jack." One is Carbine, the equine champion, who now reigns at the stud of the Duke of Portland; the other is Jack Blackham. Nearly twenty-three years ago Blackham, who had

only shortly before been discovered by Conway, manager of the First Australian Eleven, played in his first big match, in which he caught three and stumped one of his New South Wales opponents; and he continued in harness for almost exactly twenty years, until, in fact, a severe knock in the first test match with Stoddart's team permanently incapacitated him for wicket-keeping. He played in the first test match in 1877, and has since taken part in more of these great contests than any other player, his record being 34, while I come next to him with 31. He has been in every Australian Eleven except the last. During the whole of his first-class career he was peerless as a wicket-keeper. One could not help admiring him as he stood behind the stumps at a critical period of a game. With eyes keen as a hawk, and regardless of knocks, he would take the fastest bowling with marvellous dexterity, and woe betide the batsman who even so much as lifted the heel of his back foot as he played forward and missed the ball. I have seen him do some marvellous things. For instance, when the 1884 Australian Eleven defeated the Gentlemen of England by 46 runs, he stumped the last three batsmen. He was never a particularly reliable run-getter, yet few great batsmen have pulled a side out of a tight place more frequently than he has with his unorthodox batting. And how he could demoralise the bowling! Let him get a start and it was difficult to place the field for his strokes.



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A Member of Stoddard's '97 Team.

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Being of a highly-strung temperament, "Old Jack" could never bear watching an exciting finish. Instead he would with clenched hands and chin on chest pace up and down the dressing-room in a way which earned for him many years ago from one of the earlier Australian Elevens the sobriquet, "The Caged Lion." He always was a grand judge of the game, and few men could more quickly detect a weakness in a batsman. Nevertheless, he made far from an ideal captain, on account of his tendency to worry and magnify temporary misfortunes. In fact during the three months which elapsed between the first and last of the test matches with Lord Sheffield's Eleven, Blackham, who was captain of the Australians, lost a stone in weight, which he attributed to worry and anxiety. He has always been one of the most popular Australian cricketers.

BONNOR, GEORGE J. (Victoria). Born February 25, 1855. One of the most interesting figures which have strutted on the cricket stage, and one of the finest specimens of manhood I have met. Standing as he did six feet and a half in height, with magnificent broad shoulders, one could not help admiring his figure. When, exerting all the strength of that herculean frame, he smote the bowling, it was a sight for the gods. It is a difficult matter to say who is the hardest hitter Australia has produced, but Bonnor has claims to the distinction. Certainly he could straight-drive a ball as far as any one, Lyons being his only Australian rival in this respect, while

C. I. Thornton, among Englishmen, also challenged the right of comparison. Bonnor had not, however, the same mastery over various strokes as some of the other famed Australian hitters, although he would often in a match of no importance go in with the fixed determination to prove that he could bat as scientifically as any one. These attempts seldom led to particularly edifying exhibitions of batting, and their exponent probably did not gain much inward satisfaction from the pursuance of those tactics. He was born to be a hitter; he had a distinct mission as a demoraliser of bowlers and fieldsmen, and if he had always adhered to the strict terms of his unwritten commission he would have made a great many more runs. Nevertheless his tremendous hitting often pulled an Australian Eleven out of a tight place. He often hit fast-footed, his great reach enabling him to do so comfortably, and to "kill" good length balls, which would have given other batsmen no end of worry. Bonnor was a splendid "country" fieldsmen and a good slip. He retired from first-class cricket some years ago, but one occasionally hears of a century made by him in the back blocks of New South Wales.

BOYLE, HENRY FREDERICK (Victoria). Born December 10, 1847. Harry Boyle is entitled to an honoured place on the roll of great Australian cricketers. He did as much as any one to first secure for Australia recognition as a country whose sons were worthy to compete on terms of equality with the cracks of the Motherland.

When the 1878 Australian Eleven electrified England by disposing of the M.C.C. team for 33 runs in one innings and 19 in the other, it was Spofforth who was at once dubbed "The Demon Bowler," although "Old Boyley," as we have always known him, actually had a better average for the match, and it was he who, by securing the marvellous analysis of 6 wickets for 3 runs, mainly contributed to the dismissal of the Englishmen for 19. Boyle was as fine a length bowler as one could wish to have on one's side, with a little work from the leg and sometimes a deceptive flight, and he could stand being hit, although it was seldom, so unerring was his length, that he had to submit to punishment. He was therefore an invaluable bowler at a crisis. For instance, when Spofforth bowled out England at the Oval in 1882, Boyle at the other end, without being so deadly, was equally as difficult to hit away. He never bowled better than during the 1882 tour, when he headed the Australian Eleven tables with 144 wickets at 11·6 runs apiece—really magnificent figures. "Boyley's" great nerve not only served him when bowling, but in the field also, for he created a new position, "short mid-on" or "silly mid-on," as it is colloquially known, a place where few men have the pluck to stand in these days when the wickets are so true. Throughout his English tours he stood there unflinchingly, notwithstanding repeated threats from E. M. Grace and others that he would be killed, but I believe he has been hit only once, although he has had some

narrow escapes. Many a wonderful catch, however, compensated him for the risk he took. Boyle, though not a great batsman, often opened the eyes of the bowlers by his clean, free hitting, and once against South Australia notched the one century of his first-class career. He left Victoria, where he had resided all his early life, a year or two ago, and has since played minor cricket in Queensland and Tasmania.

COOPER, WILLIAM HENRY (Victoria). Born September 11, 1849. This Victorian slow bowler had a unique cricket history. He had absolutely no practical connection with the game until, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he took up bowling as a pastime which was calculated to give him the exercise his medical adviser had ordered. Within three years he was playing for Victoria against New South Wales and England, and against the former he took 7 wickets for 37 in one innings, and defeated all the great Australian bowlers of the day in competition for a trophy awarded to the most successful bowler in that match. His slows with their huge leg break were, of course, often very expensive, but on the other hand, they secured some remarkably fine analyses, particularly against the Englishmen who visited the colonies with Ivo Bligh in 1882-83. Consequently it was expected that he would achieve considerable success in England in 1884, but the accident which happened to his right hand during the voyage to the Old Country so interfered with his bowling that he was quite

a failure, and, moreover, upon his return to Australia, he retired from first-class play. Cooper bowled the leg-theory almost as remarkably as the off-theory is practised nowadays, and he has often had no more than two fieldsmen on the off side. He was a very moderate batsman, but at point he fielded brilliantly.

EVANS, EDWIN (New South Wales). Born March 6, 1849. Although once or twice I had played with him against English Elevens in Australia, I did not see much of Ted Evans until he went to England as a member of the 1886 Eleven. Then he had had his day, and although he could still send down a good length ball he was no longer a great bowler. It has been said, apparently with good reason, that twenty years ago Evans was the best all-round player in Australia, and had he been able to visit England in 1878 or 1880, he would probably have added to his great reputation. His bowling for New South Wales against Victoria in the mid-seventies was nothing short of remarkable, and in successive matches during one season he secured 7 wickets for 16 and 5 for 12. Precision was the cardinal point in his bowling, and he varied the flight of the ball with great judgment. In his prime he was a good average batsman and a fine field.

GARRETT, THOMAS W. (New South Wales). Born July 26, 1858. He has been one of Australia's most famous players. Without ever being quite so deadly a bowler as Spofforth, Boyle, or Palmer, he was often very

successful and always useful. Australia has not had many exponents of the off-theory principle of bowling, and Tom Garrett has been the wildest of them. He would keep a fine length outside the off stump, and never minded being hit. Sometimes the ball would work away a little from the leg, but it was the pace it made from the pitch which victimised most of the batsmen. He does not bowl much nowadays, but he can still worry the younger and more inexperienced batsmen. He has played in more inter-colonial matches than any Australian, with the exception of Blackham, and although he has threatened for some time past that each season would be his last, he is still regarded as too judicious a captain to be discarded by the New South Wales selectors, and much of the recent success of McKibbin and Howell in intercolonials has been due to his sound advice, based upon his knowledge of the opposing batsmen. Moreover, in the declining years of his cricket career he has batted better than ever he did in his early days. Fearless and vigorous, he is a dangerous man if he gets a start, and few of the present day cricks can cut more sweetly or better time hits to square leg. The crowning feat of his career was to make a century last season against South Australia, the first he had made since 1882, when he scored 163 against Victoria. He is a very popular player, and there appears to be no reason why he should not continue to lead New South Wales for some time yet.

GREGORY, DAVID W. (New South Wales). Born April



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15, 1845. As captain of the first Australian Eleven Gregory played against me at Adelaide, otherwise I never saw him on the field, and can therefore of my own knowledge say very little about him. He was, however, reputed to be one of the best all-round cricketers in New South Wales twenty years ago.

HARRY, JOHN (Victoria). Born August 1, 1857. A sterling all-round player. He is a useful man in any team, inasmuch as on a true wicket he is a dangerous batsman, he can bowl with either hand (his puzzling baseball curves have often severed a long partnership), he is a capital wicket-keeper, and as a fieldsman at mid-off he is wonderfully brilliant. As second wicket-keeper he would have been useful in more than one Australian Eleven, and it was nothing but a ridiculous blunder which led to Kenny Burn's inclusion in the 1890 team in preference to him. Again in 1896 he nearly gained his place; in fact, he had been actually chosen, but in face of medical opinion as to an injured knee we could not safely take him.

HORAN, THOMAS (Victoria). Born March, 1855. One of the finest batsmen Australia has sent to England, and undeniably the best Victoria has produced, even though such experts as Harry Trott, Percy McDonnell, and Tup Scott are in the running. He began his inter-colonial career twenty-three years ago, and for nearly twenty years played regularly for Victoria, and proved by long chalks the colony's most reliable run-getter. Twice

he went to England—in 1878 and 1882—and in the latter year came out second in the averages. I saw him play several very fine innings on English wickets, and some better ones still in Australia. Perhaps in the matter of mere style he would suffer by comparison with some artists of the willow, but his defence was wonderfully strong, and once well under weigh his was a difficult wicket to get. What is more, he could clump the ball when he chose, and as a leg-hitter Australia has not had his equal. Although in later years he seldom bowled, he in earlier periods frequently handled the ball successfully. One bowling feat of which he was always specially proud was the capture of Murdoch's wicket when the great Australian batsman had made his record score of 321. Great as were the services Horan rendered on the field to the game in Victoria, he is proving now that the pen is mightier than the bat. As "Felix" he regularly contributes charming cricket chatter, full of life and vigour, to the *Australasian*, and one can safely say that Horan's writings are doing much to cultivate a true, genuine interest in our beloved game.

JARVIS, ARTHUR HARWOOD (South Australia). Born October 18, 1860. If there had been no John McCarthy Blackham in existence, Affie Jarvis would probably, as a wicket-keeper, have made a name second to none. But when Jarvis "arrived," another Richmond had possession of the field, and he was so superlatively brilliant that there was no need to make a change. One has no

hesitation in saying that one has seen Jarvis do a day's work behind the wickets quite as brilliantly as anything ever seen, but he suffered through not being able to keep wickets regularly during English tours, and, being called upon only at odd intervals, Jarvis did not always do himself justice. Had he, when in his prime, gone to England as first wicket-keeper of an Australian Eleven he would have attained great distinction. It is worthy of note, that whereas Blackham has scarcely a sound finger on either hand, owing to knocks he had received when keeping wickets, Jarvis has not a single unsound one. He has in his time made a heap of runs; in fact, at about the time I came into first-class cricket, he was quite the best batsman in South Australia, but away from the fast, true Australian wickets, he disappointed his admirers. The fact of the matter was, that he played too much at the pitch of the ball; he lacked defence, and when the pitch was to any great extent "off" was not worth many runs.

JONES, SAMUEL PERCY (New South Wales). Born August 1, 1861. Sammy Jones is probably the most popular cricketer the Sydney crowds have had to barrack for. He jumped right to the front as a youngster, and was not yet 21 years old when he was first taken to England. During that tour, however, his batting was not worthy of his earlier performances. Later on he played in a style which justified the expectations which had been formed of him, and he and I had a great run for top place in the 1886 batting averages. The terrible

illness of 1888 left him a shadow of his former self, and though he temporarily regained some of his form in 1890, he never again got right to the top of the tree. He batted with rare watchfulness, and did some of his very best performances on the sticky pitches. Given a good wicket he could score as rapidly—and by elegant batting too—as most men. He had a rare variety of strokes; Sammy was a fine field, keen, energetic, and brilliant, and his returns to the wicket were very accurate. He was also a useful change bowler.

MCDONNELL, PERCY STANISLAUS (Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland). Born November 13, 1860; died September 24, 1896. Poor old Percy Mac! One of the very best and jolliest players of whom I have written, and to think that he was cut off at 36! One could not help admiring his batting. An appropriate name for him would have been Percy Greatheart McDonnell, for it was when things were going wrong that he was seen at his best. Maybe at times he would let fly in a dangerously desperate style, but if he stayed, didn't he just warm up the off-theory! I saw neither his 80 odd at Manchester on the slow wicket nor his great innings of 239 for New South Wales against Victoria, but I did see him compile 124 and 83 in a test match at Adelaide, and if I live to be a hundred I shall not see more elegant, graceful, and effective batting. That was the remarkable thing about Percy's batting. If "hit" was the game he would blaze away like fury, but if he were not under

orders and the wicket were good, he would settle down and bat as prettily as a Palairot. At Adelaide on the occasion I have mentioned, his was the poetry of batting. He was a capital field. Business cares led him to retire from the field years before he should have done, but he donned the flannels again a season or two before he died, and actually captained the Combined Australian Eleven which played the 1896 team before it was finally chosen. The blow caused by his death was therefore all the keener.

MCLWRAITH, JOHN (Victoria). Born 1857. This batsman's career was very suggestive of the flight of a rocket. He was nearly 30 years of age before much was heard of him; then, on the strength of a few good scores, he was taken to England, but he disappointed himself and his friends, and not long after his return to Australia extinguished his light as a cricketer by wrapping himself up in his commercial enterprises. On true wickets his forcing tactics were often very successful, and he played some brilliant innings in intercolonials, but his defence was not strong enough for tricky English pitches.

MASSIE, HUGH HAMON (New South Wales). Born April 11, 1854. To few men is it given to rise so suddenly to fame as Massie did. At nine o'clock one bright morning at Oxford the Selection Committee of the 1882 Australian Eleven were hesitating whether to play him in the opening match of the tour, and he was regarded as a batsman who could hit hard and might at any time make

a good score, but was a very uncertain quantity. Within eight hours he had banged up 206 runs probably more brilliantly than ever runs have been made before, and next day England resounded with his praises. Often again during that tour Massie demoralised bowling, but on that day at Oxford he stood at the zenith of his fame. After his return to Australia he played intermittently for five or six years with varying success, but business gradually tightened its hold upon him until he had to practically retire from the field years before it was really time for his star to set. Massie made nearly all his runs with off strokes, the best of them a cover hit, which would send the ball like a streak to the boundary, but he frequently got out in attempting this stroke. He might, on the whole, have been inclined to undue rashness, but then it was due to temperament. He could no more refrain from having a bang than the moth can keep away from the flame that singes its wings. Massie was a dashing and safe "country" field.

MIDWINTER, WILLIAM (Victoria and Gloucestershire). Born June 19, 1852; died December 2, 1890. A fine all round player was the genial "Bendigo infant," although when I played alongside of him during the tour of the 1884 Australian Eleven he was not so successful as he had been during former seasons. He was a good medium-pace bowler with a very high delivery; a batsman with a strong defence, and some punishing powers; also a grand field.

MOSES, HENRY (New South Wales). Born February, 1858. The famous Sydney left-hander was probably the second best batsman Australia has had, even if he could not quite challenge comparison with Murdoch. Moses, however, would never go to England with an Australian Eleven, inexorable business demanding the whole of his time and attention, and, inasmuch as he has not fought through the ordeal of an English tour, one cannot place him upon the same pedestal as Murdoch. Nevertheless, during one season—1886-87—in matches against Shaw's third team, which was very powerful in bowling, and on wickets which nearly throughout helped the bowlers, he had the fine average of 38, while none of the English or Australian batsmen—and they included Arthur Shrewsbury, who was then in his prime—taking part in the same matches, approached within measurable distance of him. In the next season he performed more remarkably than ever, scoring heavily against the two English Elevens which were in the colonies, and setting the seal on his fame by compiling 297 not out against Victoria. It is a thousand pities Harry Moses would never join an Australian Eleven, for I believe that with his wonderful defence he would have been a tower of strength in England. He had not a great variety of strokes, but would, with unwearying patience, wait for the favourable ball to treat to the left-hander's characteristic dig past extra mid-off, or for one to glance to leg—the leg glance being his own particular pet stroke. I remember once at Adelaide he

had made 99, and bent his knees to glance a ball, but for once he missed it and it took his leg stump. During the tour of Lord Sheffield's team, Moses strained one of the sinews of his left leg, and has since gradually withdrawn, all too soon unfortunately, from the highest sphere of cricket.

MURDOCH, WILLIAM LLOYD (New South Wales). Born October 18, 1855. Opinions may be divided as to whether Spofforth, or Turner at his best, was the better bowler, or as to who was the finest hitter of Australia, but there is a consensus of voices when you ask, "Who is the greatest batsman Australia has produced?" W. L. Murdoch has an undisputed claim to the title of champion. He has made the highest score that has come from an Australian's bat in a first-class match, the only one indeed over 300—321—against Victoria in 1882; he holds the record for either country in test matches—211 at the Oval in 1884; he is the only Australian batsman who has twice averaged over 30 in England; his average in inter-colonials is, with the exception of mine, the only one over 50, and he has played more great innings than any of us. Whenever I have played with him he has been the captain, and one has therefore appreciated the more his courage in trying circumstances. No matter how tight the hole we were in, Billy, with a smile of assurance and a cheering word, would go in himself and often master the bowling with his splendid defence. He had all the attributes that go to make a great bats-

man—keen eyes (he is a capital pigeon-shot), a thorough mastery of the science of the game, rare coolness, and the patience of Job. He batted as artistically as one could wish, and it was an education to watch how he drove or cut the ball along the sward, seldom mistiming the stroke one iota. Of all the great innings I saw him play, none, not even his 211 against England, excelled his 107 against the Orleans Club in 1882. The wicket was "off" and we were in a corner, and W. L. M. exhibited his dauntless courage and matchless skill to the saving of the game. His pleasant disposition, in addition to his commanding ability, fitted him admirably for the position of captain, and he has proved himself the most successful skipper Australians have had. It was a great loss to New South Wales, and the whole country, when in 1885 he temporarily retired, and a greater calamity still when he opened his cricket-bag again in 1890 only to flit off to England with it after a tour with an Australian Eleven. It was against South Australia in 1890 that he made his reappearance, and the magnificent reception he had from the spectators testified to his immense popularity. I did not know him in his best wicket-keeping days, but twelve years ago he made a very good point.

PALMER, GEORGE EUGENE (Victoria). Born February 22, 1861. Considering that he is even now only 36 years of age, "Joey" Palmer should be still playing in the very best of company. An unfortunate accident to his knee in

1886, however, crippled him so that he could never use his leg really properly again, and although he plays now in Tasmania, he is no longer either a great bowler or a tip-top batsman. The manner of his introduction to first-class cricket has often been told—how Frank Allan missed a train, and in his absence Palmer, then a lad of 18, played, and on a perfect wicket clean bowled 9 of Lord Harris's English Eleven for 94 runs. He was an off-break bowler then, and it was the fact that he could turn the ball so much on the very best wickets that made him so deadly. Subsequently he endeavoured to develop a leg break, and he would often get in an unplayable ball, but this leg break fad of his ruined his bowling, for he lost command of his length and was then hit freely. Palmer could bowl as fine a yorker as I have seen any one send down. It was a pet ball of his, and has proved fatal to the very best of batsmen. Palmer, on wickets which favoured the batsmen, was our best bowler in the early 'eighties, while, when the pitch was sticky, he was a nasty one to face. In 1886, when he had gone clean off as a bowler, he developed his batting powers to such a degree that he became really a first-class batsman, with a good style, a capital defence, and considerable forcing powers, and but for the accident to his knee he might have remained in the first-class arena for many years longer.

PHILLIPS, JAMES (Victoria and Middlesex). Born September 1, 1860. The stoical umpire-player, who



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never nowadays experiences the cold of winter, has often done astonishing things with the ball on the perfect Australian wickets; his 6 for 39 at Adelaide in 1893 was one remarkable performance. He could keep a splendid length and bowl all day without tiring, but umpiring and other duties prevented his appearance as frequently as Victoria might have liked. Fine bowler though he is, it is as an umpire that one values him most. He is the Australian Robert Thoms, and is undoubtedly the best umpire we have had in Australia. Jim has become quite an institution in connection with the tours of English Elevens. It was while he was touring with Vernon's team in 1887-88 that English eyes were first cast upon him, and he was promptly engaged for Middlesex. Now Phillips returns to Australia himself and entices away our promising bowlers. It may be for their benefit, but we have not so many good bowlers that we can afford to lose one or two every season.

SCOTT, HENRY J. H. (Victoria). Born December 26, 1858. Exactly the position he would have taken amongst the greatest Australian batsmen if he had continued to play it is not easy to say, although certainly it would have been a high one; but after the tour of the 1886 Eleven Scott retired to pursue his medical studies, and cricket has not known him since, except it be that he occasionally has a knock in one of the few spare moments a doctor can snatch from his patients. In his first intercolonial match he won a bowling trophy, but he seldom bowled in later

years, when he had become a great batsman. And he was a really fine batsman. His style was not a model for a youngster to copy, but with abundant confidence he combined a stout defence; and as, when he did let go, he hit very hard, he had always to be labelled "dangerous." At Sheffield, in 1886, he finished up a match against Yorkshire by batting 22 off 4 balls, which is, I think, a first-class record score off one over of four balls. In 1884 he was very successful in England; but two years later, I fancy, the duties of captain overweighed him, and he did not show the marked improvement that had been predicted after his play in 1884. He was a very fine field, one of those who cannot be put out of their places.

SPOFFORTH, FREDERICK ROBERT (New South Wales and Victoria). Born September 9, 1855. "The Demon," despite the fact that Turner has a slightly better average in all matches, has, I think, been absolutely the greatest bowler of my time. Turner may have been as deadly on sticky wickets—to have been more venomous was impossible—but he had not the same command over the ball that Spofforth had. The Demon, who had made a deep study of the art of bowling, had a wonderful control over his pitch, and he seldom turned the ball unless, if it were allowed to pass the bat, it would hit the wicket. On a batsman's wicket he was not so fine a bowler, perhaps, as Palmer or Boyle, but let the pitch give him the least help, and his breakbacks became unplayable.

What a sight it was to see Spofforth bowling when a game had to be pulled like a brand from the burning! He looked the Demon every inch of him, and I verily believe he has frightened more batsmen out that many bowlers have fairly and squarely beaten. When the Demon meant business, the batsmen had to look out for squalls. His pitch would be perfect, and it was almost impossible to get the ball away—save, of course, on the truest of wickets. His feat against England at the Oval in 1882 is, perhaps, the finest bowling performance on record. Besides this, he has three times done the hat-trick in first-class matches. The unfortunate accident to his finger in 1886 disabled him for some time, although I believe in London club matches he bowls well now. I often thought what a pity it was that he and Turner had not been in the 1888 team together, when the English wickets in the main were suitable to both of them. "The Demon" at one end and "The Terror" at the other would have been a deadly combination. What a picnic the batsmen would have had at Lord's on a real gluey wicket! Spofforth was not a great batsman, although his desperate hitting more than once averted disaster.

WALTERS, FRANCIS HENRY (Victoria and New South Wales). Born February 9, 1860. An exceedingly disappointing batsman. He had natural advantages of height and strength, in addition to a good knowledge of the game, and something great was always going to be

done by him ; but he seldom did it, for the reason, I think, that he batted with excessive caution. A little more daring would probably have made as many more runs for him in big matches as his forcing has in minor contests. His batting was always correct, but colourless ; a man was not built of his size to be a stonewaller. The most unaccountable feature about his career has been that he has occasionally launched out and made a century as brilliantly, and by as fine batting, as one could see in a year's march, and then, despite his success, he has relapsed within his tortoise shell, and played the slow game again in matches immediately following.

CHAPTER XI

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRATED AUSTRALIANS

THE PRESENT GENERATION

BARRETT, JOHN EDWARD (Victoria), born October 15, 1866, is a cricketer of whom I have seen very little; but I have good cause to remember him. When he was chosen to represent Victoria in 1885, it was as a left-arm bowler, and he was remarkably successful, as he secured more than half the wickets at a very moderate cost. When next he faced us he no longer bowled, but had developed into a stonewalling batsman, and the sensational manner in which he and Horan won the game for Victoria in 1888 I have mentioned elsewhere. A year or two later he passed his examination for his M.B. degree, travelled all night in a train to Adelaide—a wearisome journey of 500 miles—arriving at 10 a.m., and before 4 p.m. had scored 41 against South Australia. He was possessed of a never-failing stock of patience, and had he remained in Australia would possibly have taken Bannerman's place as the stonewaller of Australian representative teams,

although his slowness in the field always told against him; in fact, that probably kept him out of the 1893 Australian Eleven.

BRUCE, WILLIAM (Victoria), born in 1864, was, I fancy, like Dr. Barrett, first chosen as a bowler rather than a batsman to represent Victoria; but from the first he made runs, and though for a time he obtained wickets at a fair cost, it was as a batsman that he developed, and it was as a batsman that during his riper years he took a foremost place amongst Australian cricketers. His profession as a solicitor has claimed much of the time that might otherwise have been devoted to cricket, and he has often played in an intercolonial match without any rest after a night's journey. For some years, however, he has been one of the most successful of Victorian batsmen. More graceful than most left-handers, he, like the generality of that class, was a rapid scorer, and once he got well going it was always a treat to watch him. His off-play was especially pretty, and many a charming out has gained for his score a fourer, but many another has brought a good innings to an untimely end. I have been surprised to see a batsman who could make such fine strokes attempt that unsightly and unsound sweep which has so often caused his downfall. He was a partner with Arthur Shrewsbury in putting up an Australian record for the first wicket, viz., 196. This was when Englishmen and Australians combined to play a match Smokers v. Non-Smokers. Bruce's share

of the 196 was 131, and he was out before luncheon. Luncheon in Australia, I may remark, is taken at 1.30, so that he had been batting less than an hour and a half. Bruce only went twice to England. In 1886 he altogether failed to justify the reputation which had secured his admission to the team, but in 1893 he did much better. During later years he has done very little bowling. He has always fielded brilliantly at cover. When I say "always," I except the last match against South Australia, when, being very unwell, he missed four chances in one afternoon. The first one was difficult, but the others became easier, until the last was a "pot" chance at mid-on. Poor Bruce, when he dropped that one, looked as though he would have liked an earthquake to open the ground beneath him. I mention this incident only that I may show how cruel the Melbourne barrackers can be. Here was a man who had given them some of their pleasantest hours on the M.C.C. ground, for once, on account of illness, failing. Did they sympathise with him? No. They reviled him and heaped ridicule upon him. It would never have occurred to them that Bruce could be otherwise than well and fit.

CALLAWAY, SYDNEY T. (New South Wales). Born February 6, 1868. Great expectations have been entertained about Callaway's bowling, and occasionally he has justified them, notably against Stoddart's team in the Adelaide test match, in which he took 5 wickets for 37 in the first innings. He bowls right hand at a fair pace,

and the ball rises fast from the pitch, but he lacks the accuracy which is necessary to make a great length bowler. Callaway is a fair batsman.

CHARLTON, PERCIE CHATER (New South Wales). Born April 9, 1867. I played against Charlton on only two or three occasions, on one of which he bowled very well against South Australia. He struck me as being an exceedingly promising all-round player, and it was a pity ill-health prevented his giving the attention to the game necessary for the development of his undoubted powers.

CONINGHAM, ALBERT (Queensland and New South Wales), born on July 14, 1866. It was unfortunate for "Conny" that in his early days he had not wider scope for his cricket talent than Queensland afforded, for I think that experience amongst the best cricketers, when his style was being moulded, would have made him a great player. He was styled "The Giffen of Queensland," and he achieved some astonishing records in club matches; but when he entered the wider sphere of first-class cricket, where the players were more skilful, he found that his "dash-away" batting fell short of requirements. Still he has proved a useful bowler for New South Wales. He bowls left hand, pretty fast, and sends along now and again an awkward ball, at a fair pace, which curves in the air. He is a splendid field, particularly at slip. His one trip to England was not a great success.

DONNAN, HENRY (New South Wales). Born November

12, 1866. Harry Donnan's career has been one long struggle up the hill of fame. Unlike Robert Bruce's spider, he did not go up two feet and drop one, but continually ascended. For about eight years he has been one of the most reliable run-getters New South Wales has placed in the field, and few men in Australia have secured better averages, but the fact that he was not very smart in the field kept him out of the 1890 and 1893 Australian Elevens. He had cruel luck in 1890, when the newspapers announced one day that he had been selected, only to state next day that his brother-in-law, Syd Gregory, had been chosen in his stead. Donnan, however, persevered, and securing in 1895-96 the best batting average in Australia, his claim could not be any longer disregarded. He met with a fair measure of success in England, the hard wickets which ruled until August suiting his style. On the Australian billiard-table grounds his is a difficult wicket to capture, inasmuch as he combines with patience such eminently safe methods. Although he scores slowly, Donnan is not a tedious batsman to watch, because he plays so stylishly and makes such pretty off-drives and cuts, indeed these are the two strokes upon which he mainly relies for his runs. Bowling round arm and "round the wicket," he has occasionally proved useful in the attack, on account of his peculiar delivery, but he seldom bowls now. By application and energy he has vastly improved as a fieldsman, and last season I saw him make a couple of

really remarkable catches at cover. It is worthy of note that Mrs. Donnan, a daughter of Ned Gregory, the curator of the Sydney Association ground, is, as might only be expected, a keen lover of the game. Moreover, she, like her sisters, is no mean player, and has, I have been told on good authority, hit a ball in a ladies' match over the fence of the Sydney ground.

DARLING, JOSEPH (South Australia), born at Adelaide on November 12, 1870, may fairly be regarded as one of the greatest of Australian batsmen, and he will probably accomplish even finer things than he has yet done. He has had a peculiarly interesting career. He first came into prominence when he was fifteen years of age by scoring 252, which for some time stood as the South Australian record, in an annual college match, which is the South Australian equivalent of the Eton and Harrow fixture. About that time he played throughout a season with a leading junior club, and was only once during the season disposed of, and then he was run out, while over 300 runs came from his bat. If the young left-hander had remained in the city, he would probably have reached the front rank half a dozen years ago, but his father sent him away to manage a farm in one of the back blocks. Joe was not seen in good cricket again until he had completed his twenty-third year. Then, with a firm conviction that he could make a name as a cricketer, he returned to the city and within eighteen months was playing in test matches! In his very first



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innings against English bowling he scored 117, and brilliantly concluded the season by making the highest score for Australia in the famous final test match with Stoddart's team. His splendid batting in England, like good wine, needs no bush. Excepting Graham, no other young player in his first tour had achieved quite so much as Darling did. The feature of his batting is the great resource he displays. I have seen him set up a defence as impervious as Bannerman's, and I am afraid there is a tendency in him to stonewall too much. With his sturdy, powerful frame, he was meant to be a "goer." Then I have seen him make the biggest hit recorded on the Adelaide Oval, and crack up his 100 in beautiful free style without taking any undue risk. Like most left-handers, he executes his off drive splendidly, but the cut is his speciality, and I know of no Australian batsman who can make the ball travel past point with greater speed. Joe is one of the surest of "country" fieldsmen, and if he reaches the ball rarely fails to hold it.

EADY, CHARLES JOHN (Tasmania), born October 29, 1870, is unquestionably the best all-round cricketer Tasmania has had, and with less circumscribed opportunities when a youngster would probably have made a great name for himself. The 1896 Australian Eleven was so rich in bowlers that the Tasmanian Anakite did not have many chances to distinguish himself. Nevertheless, more than once he bowled fairly well. His batting disappointed me. He ought to be a hitter, and

I believe he does hit in local matches, but when I have seen him against first-class bowling he has generally spoilt himself by cramping his play. He is a smart field, and might even now, in a wider sphere than Tasmania affords, become one of the most prominent of Australian players.

FERRIS, JOHN JAMES (New South Wales), born May 21, 1867, is the only first-class left-arm bowler Australia has had during my time, and the colonies suffered irreparable loss when he migrated to Gloucestershire. He returned a couple of seasons since, and played in South Australia, but whereas he had improved as a batsman, he had lost his skill with the ball. I only played against him two or three times in Australia, but on one of those occasions he secured 14 wickets on a beautiful pitch, and I was considerably impressed by the pluck he displayed in keeping the ball well up, which so few bowlers can do on the true Australian wickets, while he sent down with fine judgment, by way of variation, some excellent fast ones.

GRAHAM, HARRY (Victoria). Born November 29, 1870. This young player came to the front with a meteoric flash four years ago, and by his fine play in intercolonials and subsequent astonishing batting in England, gave promise of becoming one of the most brilliant batsmen who had worn Australian colours. He eclipsed all records when in his first tour in England he secured the highest batting average. His future then seemed likely to be a

bright one, but unfortunately, like Charlie Bannerman, whose style of batting is so remarkably resembles, he did not add to his reputation after his return to Australia. As, however, he is still young, there should be no reason to despair of his even yet resuming his place in the very front rank. Unlike most Australian forcing batsmen, he jumped in to make many of his strokes, and the most curious thing about him was, that when he went to the pitch of the ball, you could not tell whether he was going to make a straight drive, or chop the ball past cover, or swing it round to leg. With such circumstances it was not an easy matter to place the field to stop his strokes. Graham is a most daring runner between wickets, and one will not forget in a hurry how he and Gregory had the English fieldsmen on toast in the test match at Lord's in 1893. He was brilliant in the long field, but did not always catch with sufficient certainty to give him a reputation as a great fieldman.

GREGORY, SYDNEY EDWARD (New South Wales). Born April 14, 1870. Syd belongs to a celebrated Australian cricketing family. His father and his three uncles were great players in the mother colony thirty years ago, and he is a worthy descendant of a noble stock. I should say that for his inches "Little Tich" is the finest batsman living, and on all kinds of wickets there are few more reliable run-getters. Like the other Sydney Lilliputian, Alec Bannerman, he was first taken to England as a fieldman rather than as a batsman, but

experience in good company rapidly developed his batting powers, so that in 1893 he acquitted himself creditably, and in 1896 secured a higher average than any of his predecessors had done in England. Nevertheless, one would not care to say that he is a greater batsman than Murdoch was at his best. No colonial executes a greater variety of strokes than the Midget. He makes late cuts beautifully, jumps to meet the ball and drives well, and leg-glances favourable balls to a nicety, but above all things he loves a good pull or a hook, and he can get rising balls away to square leg with wonderful ease and certainty. He has a splendid defence. His innings of 201 in the first test match in 1894-5 ranks as one of the most brilliant I have seen. It did not matter whether the bowling was fast or slow, he made his strokes with marvellous precision. He watches the ball so carefully that on slow wickets, whereon most batsmen are helpless, he will often make a decent score. Apart from batting, Syd has made a name for himself by his dashing fielding and splendid returns from cover-point. In this particular position in the field, with perhaps the exception of V. K. Royle and G. B. Studd, he is the most brilliant player I have seen. Although he is so short he can throw nearly 120 yards. He is one of the most genuine triers it has been my pleasure to associate with.

HILL, CLEMENT (South Australia), born March 18, 1877, therefore the youngest celebrated Australian

player of the day. I don't know whether I ought not to term him a cricketing wonder. It is a curious coincidence, more especially as both are left-handers, that Hill at a later period should have, in the same annual fixture, and playing for the same College as Darling had, broken a record, his 360 (retired), remaining as an Australian best until Worrall scored his 417. Good judges who saw Hill as a colt predicted a bright future for him, but I doubt whether any of them thought that before he was twenty he would have gone to England and covered himself with glory. Clem owed his introduction to first-class cricket through a man who had been picked finding at the last moment that he could not get away from business. Fortunate is it for South Australia that business detained that worthy veteran! During that first season Clem made top score for South Australia oftener than any one else, concluding it by hitting 150 not out and 56 for South Australia against Stoddart's team. During his first innings he did not give a chance, and unquestionably he played Richardson's fast bowling better than any other Australian. It was at the time regarded as quite romantic that he had made his 150 on his eighteenth birthday, which was then thought by himself, as well as by the public, to be March 28th. But, alas, for romance! when a few months since it became necessary, in connection with an official transaction, to submit a copy of his birth certificate, he learned, much to his astonishment, that he was born on the 18th of March. There is,

however, an interesting coincidence in connection with Hill's birth, and it is that he was born in the same year in which his father scored the first century on the Adelaide Oval. Excepting the one great Englishman, who can cap nearly everybody's cricket record, no player I know has so distinguished himself in his teens as Hill, and I suppose nobody will be surprised in half a dozen years to find him with as great a reputation as a batsman as that of any Australian who has preceded him. Expert though he be now, there is room for improvement, and probably with more experience he will use a little wiser discretion in trying his fancy stroke, the hook. It has made hundreds of runs for him, but it has brought him to grief very often. On the true Australian wickets, where the ball invariably comes along at the same height, one can indulge a pet stroke, but in England, where there are so many sticky and fiery pitches, one has to exercise more caution. Clem can drive pretty hard, and last season he made some really good cuts. He is a remarkably cool, self-possessed player, and can be depended upon at the time of direst emergency. As a lad he always kept wicket, but with a view to saving his hands he has wisely resolved to have nothing to do with that dangerous post in future, although, were he not a great batsman he might have made a name as a wicket-keeper, for he possesses the knack of stumping men, which so few wicket-keepers really command. In England he developed into one of the smartest fieldsmen in the

team. Clem is a popular idol already in Australia; his quiet, pleasant ways have gained friends for him wherever he has gone.

HOWELL, WILLIAM (New South Wales). Born December 29, 1869. Had he lived all his life in Sydney, Howell would probably have come to the front years before he did. As a matter of fact he rusticated among beeves in the country until 1894, when he visited Sydney with some bucolic cricketers. Hitting out pretty well, he was chosen to play against Stoddart's team, because it was thought he might eventually become a successor to Massie and McDonnell. During the Englishmen's innings, when Stoddart and Brown were well set on a perfect wicket, the young countryman blandly remarked to the captain that he thought he could get them out, and, inasmuch as the bowling was in a tight knot, he was given a try as a last resort. He clean bowled both batsmen and three others after them, and only 44 runs were knocked off him. Since then he has been uniformly successful with the ball, and, although he has not fulfilled his original mission, he occasionally makes a useful score.

Howell is a fast medium length bowler, and even on Australian wickets can turn the ball both ways, not much, but just enough to beat the unwary batsman. He sends in a particularly dangerous ball when he delivers it from a step or two behind the bowling crease. It seems to puzzle the batsmen to gauge its flight accurately. He stands punishment well. There are more unlikely things

than that this bowler, who has an ideal physique for a long tour, may be seen with an Australian Eleven in England before long.

IREDALE, FRANCIS ADAMS (New South Wales). Born June 19, 1867. This brilliant cricketer has had a career singularly similar to that of his fellow-colonist Donnan, and like that batsman, gradually added to his reputation without for a long time accomplishing a great performance such as would make him universally talked about. Nevertheless, in 1893 he was very nearly in the Australian Eleven, and I dare say if he had gone to England he would have done well. Iredale at last had the reward of his perseverance when Stoddart's team came to Australia, for in his first innings against them he scored 133 (run out); in his first test match he made 81, and in a subsequent test he played beautifully for 140. Hitherto he had been regarded as a batsman slightly above the average; now he was classed as one of the three best in Australia, and he was one of the first half-dozen chosen for the 1896 Australian Eleven. Just prior to leaving for England, Iredale scored against South Australia a magnificent double of 187-80 not out. His doings in the Old Country were remarkably curious. He had a heart-breaking run of low scores, yet stuck manfully to his work, and, as every one knows, after being left out of the first test match, he came into the team and notched four centuries in rapid succession, including one against All England. Frank unfortunately is a bad starter, so bad



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indeed that, especially when a fast bowler is on, the slip fieldsmen are surprised if he does not give them some sort of a chance before he has made 20. But they may pray in vain for a chance if he once becomes set; in fact I know of few safer batsmen than Iredale after he has thoroughly settled down. Fast bowling then has no terrors for him, and it is a pleasure to see the way he cuts it with a supreme indifference to the men on the off. He is also an adept at pulling. Frank is one of the finest of living fieldsmen. In the long field he has scarcely been known to miss a catch in an important match, while during the tour in England he developed a faculty for holding the "flies" off Jones's fast bowling.

JOHNS, ALFRED ERNEST (Victoria). Born January 22, 1868. Into the circumstances connected with the inclusion of Johns in the 1896 Australian Eleven I shall not enter. He went to England, but did not make a great name for himself. He undoubtedly has some genius for wicket-keeping, but not having had continuous practice at it since his young days, his hands are soft and easily become knocked about. Nevertheless, now that Blackham has retired, Johns has been installed in the position behind the stumps for Victoria. He has not been considered much of a batsman, but last January he helped O'Halloran to achieve an Australian record for the last wicket.

JONES, ERNEST (South Australia). Born September

30, 1869. South Australia is fortunate in the possession of the one great fast bowler of Australia. Not so many years have elapsed since the time when excellent judges thought a fast bowler would be helpless on Australian billiard-table wickets. But Tom Richardson swept down upon us three years ago, and quickly cast all these theories to the four winds of heaven. Immediately came the cry, "Jones must be encouraged, and he must certainly go to England with the next Australian Eleven." South Australia was then encouraging him, and richly has she been rewarded. Ernie Jones has been given the sobriquet of "Jonah," but he is anything but a Jonah in a team, and the 1896 Australian Eleven would have been the last to wish for a whale to come along and swallow him. Jones is, I think, for a few overs when he first goes on, absolutely the fastest of bowlers, but he cannot maintain his pace and length like Richardson. He has improved wonderfully since he first played for South Australia, and with more experience should be able to keep his length better. Some critics say he throws, but to my mind his delivery is perfectly fair. In one local match last season there were 48 byes off Jones's bowling in one innings. In desperation the captain—one of the finest fieldsmen in Australia—stood at longstop, and twice allowed the ball to pass and go to the chains, although each time he tried hard to stop it. Once the force of the ball knocked him over. Whatever he is doing on the cricket field Jones

is a dasher; his mission seems to be to make things hum. He is therefore a punishing batsman who makes no pretension to being a scientific player, although, were he to pay more attention to batting, he might make a good many more runs. When he has been hard put to it, during his short career, he has often batted really well, and once for South Australia scored 66 out of 89 which were put on for the last wicket against Victoria. In the field he is brilliant, and I have seen him bring off some extraordinary catches.

LAYER, FRANK (Victoria). Born November 7, 1869. Some three or four seasons ago, W. L. Murdoch, then on a visit to Australia, expressed a very high opinion of Laver's batting; but although Frank has invariably scored well for Victoria, he has never accomplished a feat which would place him amongst the top sawyers. He is, as I have found more than once, a difficult batsman to bowl at on account of his extraordinary reach. Utilising this to the full, he makes as inelegant a stroke as can be imagined, although it may be effective. He steps out and sometimes stoops a little, then makes a sweep with his bat, often striking a good length ball before it pitches and fairly mows it to leg. Laver is a good safe field and a fair change bowler.

KELLY, JAMES JOSEPH (New South Wales). Born April 30, 1868. Jim Kelly is a Victorian by birth, but the Victorians, rich in the possession of Blackham, did not appreciate him at his true worth, and he migrated

to New South Wales two or three seasons ago. He quickly stamped himself as a useful wicket-keeper, not as brilliant as Blackham or Jarvis at their best, but painstaking and sure, one who missed few chances of catching men if he did not always stump them when the heel was raised for the fraction of a second. He improved vastly during his tour in England. As a batsman Kelly has also made strides. He is one of those big-hearted men whom no disaster can appal, and his plucky, unorthodox batting (it is somewhat reminiscent of Blackham) has often saved his side. He is a very consistent run-getter in Australia, and seems likely in future to be more useful than ever with the bat.

LYONS, JOHN JAMES (South Australia). Born at Adelaide May 21, 1863. Jack Lyons has been and is still the best all-round Australian hitter. Bonnor could drive as powerfully, Massie could make the cover hit as effectively, and McDonnell could hit as hard on the off, but none of them possessed the power to blaze away all round the wicket in so marked a degree as Lyons. Bonnor would jump to make his drives, but Lyons always hits fast-footed, and has been known to stand his ground and block, for it seems no more than a block, a good length ball over the heads of the crowd. He makes the cover-hit with terrific force, and anything on the wicket which comes from the off is swung round to leg like a shot. Roche, of Victoria, had to face Lyons in form last season, and when he emerged from the

operation at lunch-time, remarked, "How can you bowl to a man like that? The better you pitch 'em, the harder he hits 'em." Peel with his leg breaks bothers Lyons considerably, and in later years some of the faster bowlers, by pegging away at his legs have worried him; but last season he returned to form and hit as brilliantly as ever. Jack has done some great things for Australia, but none greater than his 149 against the M.C.C. in 1893. Such an innings alone was worth going all the way to England to see. Lyons used to bowl very well, and owing to the quickness with which the ball rises from the pitch has secured some remarkable averages in all grades of cricket, but for some years past he has not been of much use as a bowler. He is only a moderate field.

MACKENZIE, ALEXANDER C. K. (New South Wales). Born August 7, 1870. This young player's career reminds me of Donnan's and Iredale's. For eight or nine years he has been going to do something exceptional, but he has not done it. What he has done has been to bat with rare patience, and in excellent style, for useful scores, then to get out when he ought to have been well set. Standing as he does over six feet high, and possessing a powerful frame, he ought, especially as he plays so correctly, to make a great batsman; and I shall not be surprised to wake up one morning and read that he has played a brilliant innings of a century. In Sydney local matches I believe he does hit, and I think it would pay him to

take just a few more risks in the important games. He is a brilliant in-field.

McKIBBIN, THOMAS ROBERT (New South Wales). Born December 10, 1871. Although only three years have elapsed since his transition from the country to the first-class sphere of cricket, Tom McKibbin has been one of the most discussed of cricketers now before the public. He made his *début* in the same match as Howell, and with only fairly satisfactory results, but within three months had played ninepins with the Victorian and South Australian batsmen, his breakbacks on perfect wickets having beaten the best of them. In these circumstances he was chosen in preference to Turner for the last test with Stoddart's team, and although the public growled when he only took a couple of wickets, subsequent events have vindicated the selectors in their opinion that McKibbin was a star of considerable magnitude. There is no doubt he can turn the ball more than any present day bowler; the only trouble is, that if the wicket helps him at all, his break too often beats the wicket, as well as the bat. I shall remember for a long time the really ludicrous attempts of Walter Read to dispose of McKibbin's breaks at Kennington Oval last year. Fully a dozen balls he received without playing one, and then he was bowled, "neck and crop." W. W. was naturally very much struck with the young bowler. McKibbin sacrifices length sometimes for break, and is therefore often freely hit, because he bowls so many bad balls, yet I know



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of no bowler whom one has to watch so closely, for you never know when you are going to get a "sneaker" of a break, from one side or the other. His command over the ball improved vastly during his tour in England, and, with the advantage of more experience, Mac is possibly destined to make as pronounced a mark on the scroll of fame as any Australian bowler who has preceded him. He is not half a bad left-hand batsman, though, like most bowlers, he has not paid much attention to that branch of the game. At slip he fields very dexterously.

McLEOD, ROBERT WILLIAM (Victoria). Born January 19, 1868. Successful in a measure though this fine all-round player has been, he would, I feel sure, have attained greater distinction if he had put more heart into his play. I have known him come all the way from Melbourne to Adelaide, and, before a ball had been bowled, express a wish that the match was all over. I do like to see a player thoroughly energetic and enthusiastic. Although he has, as a left-hand batsman, made a fair number of runs, generally, however, on pretty true wickets, he has secured wider fame as a trundler. He is a right-hand, fast medium, straight bowler, and the secret of his success has been the quick rising of the ball from the pitch. In the first test match against Lord Sheffield's team he achieved one of his best performances, when he took 5 wickets for 55 runs, but he was very disappointing in England in 1893. One would have thought, after seeing him bowl so well on the good

Australian wickets, that he would, on the English fiery pitches at least, have proved an awkward bowler, especially as he could keep a good length; but he did not seem to trouble the English batsman, except on rare occasions. He still plays for Victoria, but has not done particularly well lately.

MCLROD, CHARLES (Victoria), born 1870, a brother of Bob McLeod and one of a band of brothers, nearly all of whom are good players. Tried at first by Victoria as a bowler, McLeod gained considerable success, but during the past three seasons he has done very little with the ball, while at the same time he has improved out of all knowledge as a wielder of the willow. He plays a correct, patient game, and is a difficult man to dispose of. As a bowler he is wonderfully precise in his direction and length, with, however, a tendency to pitch too short. If the length were better, his precision would make his bowling more deadly.

NOBLE, M. ALFRED (New South Wales). Born January 28, 1873. This young player jumped to the front last season with one bound, and it appears very much as though New South Wales had for two years been entertaining an angel unawares. In 1894 Noble scored 152 not out for eighteen Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's team. One would have thought that such a feat would have secured for him an extended trial in intercolonials, but he had only one opportunity of showing his skill, and as he did very little, he was thought no more of until

last season, when he actually headed the first-class Australian tables with the splendid average of 68. He played one very fine innings of 153 not out against Victoria. Noble is a most attractive batsman. His style is most taking, and his defence is distinctly good; and when set he scores all round the wicket very rapidly. The feature of his play is perhaps the ease with which he disposes of fast bowling, chiefly, I may add, by cutting it. With experience he will doubtless take fewer risks, and without materially diminishing his attractiveness, may become one of the finest batsmen in the colonies. On one season's play it would not be just to say that he is a champion. In Sydney club matches he is one of the most successful bowlers, but with McKibbin, Howell, and Coningham on the same side, in inter-colonials there is no need to use his bowling to any considerable extent. He is a good field. A keen, finely set-up, athletic player, there is a bright future in store for him.

TROTT, GEORGE HENRY STEVENS (Victoria). Born August 5, 1866. Since the day, early in 1883, when Harry Trott, who was in Adelaide with a Victorian Eleven, in his opening first-class innings, coolly landed a tempting ball from me over the chains, I have entertained the greatest respect for him. I regard him as beyond a doubt the best all-round player Victoria has sent to England with Australian Elevens. His great strength is, of course, in batting, and under all conditions

he has not many superiors. On a good wicket I have seen him adopt forcing tactics worthy of a big hitter, and in the very next match play keeps on a difficult pitch with wonderful skill. His 143 at Lord's in 1896, when he thumped the mighty Richardson as though the bowling were the most ordinary stuff in the world, must rank as one of the finest innings contributed in test matches. "Trotty" is, perhaps, apt to allow his wicket to go too cheaply on unimportant occasions; but let his side be under the whip, and you see him at his best. Then the bowler finds out that he wields a very wide bat, and no matter how he may stonewall, he never loses his elegance of style. The greater the match, the better he plays. His slow leg-break bowling has often earned very good averages, while on the other hand, at times, it has been terribly expensive. "Trotty" has established fame as the Australians "strong point." Standing closer in than most men, he has made some wonderful catches, and very few chances, that come within reach of either hand, are refused. As captain of the 1896 Australian Eleven he was a distinct success, his genial nature—I doubt whether any one ever knew him to have a downright quarrel with another player—helping him to gain that ascendancy over his men, without which no captain, however skillful, can secure the best play of his team.

TROTT, ALBERT EDWIN (Victoria), born February 6, 1873. This young brother of Harry Trott is destined,

I think, to do great deeds on the cricket field. He bounded into prominence during the tour of Stoddart's team in Australia. He was phenomenally successful against the Englishmen, especially in the third and fourth test matches, and I think it was a pity he was not included in the 1896 Australian Eleven, for then Australia might not have lost him. He is not, by long chalks, so good a batsman as his brother. He takes too many risks in all circumstances, but he is a good hitter, and his defence may in time improve. As a bowler, however, I think he is full of promise. Even on pretty good wickets he can send in a deadly off-break at a fine pace, and the ball gets up very quickly from the pitch. The average English wicket ought to suit him, and I shall be astonished if, when he plays for Middlesex, he and Hearne between them do not upset the equilibrium of some strong sides. Albert, than whom there is no keener player, is a fine field at slip.

TRUMBLE, J. WILLIAM (Victoria). Born September 16, 1863. Like Massie and Scott, the elder Trumble had a promising cricket career nipped in the bud by business, his profession as a solicitor calling him into the country. There, however, he still shines, for I noticed only the other day that last season he had headed the batting and bowling averages of his club. Coming to the front at an early age, he did splendid all-round service for Victoria, but his tour to England in 1886 was not attended by the success which had been looked for. He

had a capital style of batting, with a good defence and moderate hitting powers. His bowling was very accurate and of excellent length (he once bowled 19 maidens out of 20 overs), but there was no devil in it, hence he never became a really great bowler. He was a smart field.

TRUMBLE, HUGH (Victoria). Born May 12, 1867. This giant, in stature, vies with Harry Trott for the title of Victorian champion, and there is very little to choose between them. Just as Trott is a better batsman than he is a bowler, so Trumble is more successful with the ball than with the bat. Bowling well over, the ball, bumping down from his great height, rises awkwardly from the pitch, and as he invariably keeps a splendid length, he always commands respect. When he first came to the front, in Australia, his bowling was more deadly than in subsequent years, and there were excellent judges who thought a mistake was made in taking him to England for the third time in 1896; but the English wickets suit him better than those in Australia, and the tour enhanced Hugh's reputation. He was, on all wickets, the most reliable bowler in the team. With his long reach, and having such a good idea of batting, he ought to make a heap of runs; but he does not take much pains unless runs are really wanted, and then, as for instance towards the close of the test match at Old Trafford in 1896, he can play coolly and with judgment. Really, I believe, if he were not a bowler he would become an accomplished batsman. His style is irre-

proachable, he has a good defence, and, when he chooses, can hit well. He has gained considerable fame for his expert fielding at slip.

TURNER, CHARLES THOMAS BIASS (New South Wales). Born November 16, 1862. When Spofforth cast aside his mantle it fell upon Turner, who has the honour of standing at the top of Australian bowling averages. He has in his day done some marvellous bowling, but a feat upon which he may especially pride himself is that of having clean bowled Arthur Shrewsbury twice in a match at Sydney in 1887 for a pair of specs. During that season he took over 50 English wickets for less than 7 runs each. Of his bowling when in his prime I can of my own personal observation say very little, for I only saw him play once, until after he had been to England twice. Whatever merit he had on wickets which helped him, and he must indeed have been a terror on *them*, I think he owed more to genius than to acquired skill. He bowled naturally a very good length, and the devil with which the ball, delivered at a fast pace, seemed to rise from the pitch, and at the same time break from the off, made him a nasty bowler when the wicket was off-colour; but when the pitch was good and the batsmen forced the play, he appeared to me to sometimes lose control of his length. Turner was a dashing, determined batsman, and often made a good score in quick time, but he was not a reliable run-getter. He was a fairly good field.

WORRALL, JOHN (Victoria). Born May 12, 1863. A

useful all-round player, who, except as a fieldaman, however, never stood out above the shoulders of his fellows. At mid-off he fields magnificently, and no one is his superior in that position. He is a plucky batsman, useful at a pinch to go in and have a hit, but he has never indulged the lookers-on in the hope that he would make a very tall score in a first-class match. And yet he holds the Australian record score, for in February, 1896, he made 417 not out for Carlton against the Melbourne University. He is a handy change bowler, and has occasionally secured rare good averages.



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CHAPTER XII

THE NURSERIES OF AUSTRALIAN CRICKET

ENGLISH folk sitting complacently on the benches at Lord's, or the Oval, or Old Trafford, delightedly watching Australian cricketers contesting on even terms with the champions of England, have possibly not been curious enough to speculate as to the conditions under which these Antipodeans have attained such skill in their sunny land 13,000 miles away. Is it not sufficient for them that their sons in Australia can send along a dozen or so representative players every two or three years, who know enough of the game to make a decent struggle with the strongest players of the mother country? If they did trouble to think that that little band of Australians had been selected from scattered peoples, which, all mustered, would amount to no more than three-fifths of the population of London, they would possibly come to the conclusion that there must be special circumstances peculiar to the Australian climate, or to the conditions under which the game is played beneath blue southern skies, to account for what one has seen described as "the

remarkable development of Australian cricket." As an Australian one may be pardoned, more especially as, were the opportunity fitting, one might adduce endless facts and figures to support his arguments, for emphasising the astounding development the game has made in the colonies.

Let me remark briefly, that when the first English Eleven appeared in Australia in 1862, under the captaincy of H. H. Stephenson, Australian cricketers, although they had been brought into contact with Army officers, who were no mean adepts at the game, and although many an immigrant had brought recent English knowledge and experience out with him, were of such mediocre calibre that the visitors scored no fewer than 395 runs against 18 of Victoria; and the colonial batsmen were at first so inexperienced and nervous that the English bowlers could do what they pleased with them. A combined 22 of the two colonies was tackled, and the Australians, some of their nervousness having worn off, actually won with 12 wickets to spare. But what odds! Eleven men in a strange, excessively hot climate playing against odds of 2 to 1! Two years later, George Parr's famous team, although they met 22 opponents in every match, did not lose once. The fact of the matter was that the terrific bowling of Jackson and Tarrant overawed the batsmen, and the highest individual score made against them during the whole tour was 34! From this time, however, Australian cricket improved. The seed planted by the

English teams had fallen on rich soil, and with Caffyn and Lawrence, who had remained in Australia as professional coaches, tenderly cultivating the growing plant, it thrived and grew almost as marvellously as the century plant of which Max Adeler has written. English rye-grass was imported for wickets; grounds were well cared for; round and over-arm bowling superseded the under-arm style, which had remained in vogue in Australia long after it had been pretty generally discarded in England; and batsmen no longer made "agricultural mows" at good length balls, but began to exhibit some of the elegance and grace which they had seen displayed by the English batsmen, and which Caffyn and Lawrence had taught them. Since then progress has been more rapid, in consequence, undoubtedly, of the frequent interchange of visits between English and Australian Elevens. The admirable styles of the English batsmen are emulated by the lads who see them play in the colonies, while the players who are fortunate enough to have trips to England are set up as ideals by the youngsters when they return to Australia.

The general conditions under which cricket is learned and played in Australia differ so materially from those which rule in England, that I have thought it would interest English readers of this book to be told something about them.

Of course everybody knows that in the two countries the seasons differ, and that when football reigns in the

one cricket is king in the other. Football is the most popular game in Australia; but cricket is the national game of the colonies, and throughout the winter there are hundreds and thousands of Australians who, although there is no cricket for them to see, eagerly watch for the newspapers which contain the accounts of English matches.

The regulation cricket season begins in October and terminates in April; but the game might be played all the year round in some parts of Australia, in the arid interior for instance, where the annual rainfall averages anything from one to five or six inches, where rain may not fall for months, and even when it does the greater portion of the year's average is shed by one thunderstorm. As a matter of fact cricket is going on in some part of the vast Austral continent in every month of the year, for many farmers who in October begin to reap their hay crops, after which they have to take in the harvest of golden grain, play during the winter, which they are able to do on their hard earth or asphalt wickets. I have heard of games being played on the dry salt pans in some parts of Australia. These are nothing less than the beds of shallow lakes or lagoons, which a long spell of drought has dried up. The wicket while it lasts is beautifully level, but it quickly cuts up, and the stumps have now and again to be moved a few feet.

In Sydney and Melbourne, the largest centres of population, there is too much rain for cricket to be



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C. T. R. TURNER ("The Terror")

SYDNEY.

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G. GIPPERN READY TO MEET THE BALL.

PHILADELPHIA

M. P. ROYCE.



comfortably played on turf wickets throughout the winter ; but in Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia, the winter is milder, and on the Adelaide Oval, if cricketers were so inclined, the game might be indulged in all the year round, without any more inconvenience than English players suffer from the wet in an average English summer ! I am sure that in Adelaide we rarely have a winter during which more rain falls than the Australian Eleven of 1882 experienced during an English summer. The average rainfall for the whole year in Adelaide is no more than about 20 inches ! It would not, however, do for all cricketers to play cricket constantly, for the one important reason, if for no other, that they would become stale.

It is upon what are known as matting wickets, and entirely without coaching, that the average Australian cricketer learns the rudiments of the game ; and when this is considered the standard of excellence to which Australians have attained is the more remarkable. In England your village lads, your school boys, and your University men are accustomed to grass wickets from their earliest days, so that when promotion comes to a high-class eleven they have the advantage of having been grounded in the rudiments of the game under conditions similar to those which rule on the more important battling grounds. But in Australia much that has been learnt by the lad on matting wickets has to be forgotten when he is promoted to one of the few clubs which play on turf pitches.

The very small Australian boy begins his cricket on a wicket pitched on ground destitute of herbage. Sometimes the soil is of a stiff, clayey nature, which will, if carefully tended, stand the wear and tear of a season. The ball comes along slowly but truly, and the batsman who plays straight may put the bowler through a severe ordeal. I have, however, seen hundreds of pitches on soft ground which, by constant play, have been worn into holes as much as an inch deep, and from half an inch to three or four inches in diameter. It requires grit and pluck in a batsman to face any but the slowest of bowlers on such a wicket, for the wielder of the willow knows that one ball may shoot and the next rise over his head. Clubs whose members average up to twelve or fourteen years of age will play on such wickets.

Teams of older lads improve their wickets by simply covering the soil with a strip of matting a couple of yards wide, and if the ground is well cared for, that is to say, if it is carefully scraped once or twice a week and occasionally sprinkled with water, this matting wicket will play very well. The one fault about it is that the ball rises rather too high—well over the stumps—and many of the bowlers, especially those whose pace is medium, finding that the perfect length ball which beats the batsman goes over the wicket, drop into the bad habit of pitching short. The short length bowling which rules on these wickets has an undesirable influence on the batsman, who is tempted to cultivate the art of pulling to an

inordinate extent, and it is a common experience that the heavy scorer on the matting wickets, when he is promoted to the arena of turf, makes a wretched display, for with lack of judgment, which in his years and considering the circumstances is excusable, he essays to pull the good length balls with which he is plied by experienced bowlers. It is against such batsmen that bowlers of the Lohmann, Peel, and McKibbin stamp, backed up by first-class fieldsmen, have such a beanfeast. As a matter of fact batsmen and bowlers, when they are promoted from the matting to the turf wicket, have almost to learn the game anew.

Until the last few years most of the Australian matting wickets were laid on ordinary ground, but latterly the leading junior clubs have adopted the practice of laying down as a basis for their wickets asphalt, slate, or cinders, chiefly asphalt. Even then it is not true asphalt composition that is laid down, for that would be too expensive, but tar pavement, which is composed of hard metal solidified by tar and sand and covered by a coating of tar. These asphalt and slate wickets, though they play truly enough and quite as fast as turf, are extremely hard, and the difficulties of which I have already written are accentuated. However, with all their faults these pitches are better than those of mere earth without a covering of matting.

In the back blocks the Australian cricketer is often hard put to it to secure matting for his wicket. For

instance, some miners in a far out Westralian camp were longing for a game. They had no club in the camp, but two or three bats had been brought up from the cities by the venturesome prospectors. From the single corridor of the local hotel, or "shanty," a strip of cocoanut matting was taken, but it was not more than five yards long. That covered one end of the pitch. Nowhere else in the "township" could another piece be found, so the game proceeded with a matting pitch at one end and a rough stretch of earth at the other. The batsmen, it may be imagined, had indeed a varied and lively time, and one of them was a man who had played for his colony in intercolonial matches only a few months before!

I can imagine that the question may formulate itself in the minds of my readers: "But why cannot they have more turf wickets in Australia?" The reason is, that the heat of summer would scorch the grass unless vast quantities of water were used, and water is too expensive outside the chief cities and few large towns to be used for the watering of cricket pitches. Some parts of New South Wales, along the coast, I believe, are so well watered that the grass may be kept alive throughout some seasons without artificial watering, but even there an unusually hot summer may come along to scorch and blight everything green. Why, in South Australia the ground is absolutely dry and bare of herbage throughout the summer. Just think of that, you English people,

whose most delightful season is the summer, when a rich emerald carpet is spread o'er the land!

The grounds on which the rising generation of Australian cricketers have to do their fielding are generally very rough. You may see mid-off dash in to meet the ball only to find that it has bumped over his head. Or he may shape to field the ball on the first hop, and is mortified to see it shoot past his toes. Nevertheless, these rough grounds are not bad training schools. They make the fieldsman resourceful.

It is remarkable enough that Australian cricketers reach such proficiency, considering the inferior character of the wickets upon which they play so long as they remain juniors. But, further, the vast majority never receive one word of coaching. A few of the larger schools and colleges may maintain a professional coach, and some which do not keep a mentor all the year round may engage one for two or three weeks before an annual match with a rival scholastic institution; but the lads outside the colleges receive little expert advice. That is why, perhaps, the style of Australian batsmen as a whole is not so graceful and polished as that of Englishmen. But as the population grows there will be more turf wickets, and professional coaches will increase in number.

A reason one hears in England for the proficiency of Australian cricketers is that the recognised season is longer than that of the Old Country. This is quite true,

but neither the first-class player nor the lad in Australia has so much cricket during the week as his contemporary in England. Matches are only played once a week, on Saturday afternoons, and between whiles one has to be content with evening practice. Here, however, the twilight does not last as long as it does in England. By 7.30 o'clock at midsummer materials have all to be locked up, whereas I have seen lads in England playing long after 9 o'clock at night.

So far I have confined my remarks to the fields of junior cricketers. In the cities, however, there are a limited number of enclosed grounds on which are turf wickets. Sydney and Melbourne each has about a dozen, Adelaide has for the present to be content with two, while Brisbane, Perth, Hobart, Launceston, and a few of the larger inland towns like Ballarat, Bendigo, and Bathurst, have one each.

The three great grounds of Australia—and if they are not exactly nurseries they may be termed secondary schools—are the Sydney Association Club Ground, the Melbourne Cricket Club Ground, and the Adelaide Oval. Here, throughout the season, scores of cricketers practise, and here the great matches of the season are played. They are familiar enough to Australians; but perhaps to English readers a few words concerning grounds upon which the representatives of the two great cricketing countries meet in Australia will be interesting.



BERRY & CO.

THE LADIES' STAND AND MEMBERS' PAVILION, SYDNEY ASSOCIATION GROUND.

SYDNEY.

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E. GALL

THE ADELAIDE OVAL.

ADELAIDE.

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The Sydney ground is unquestionably the best appointed in the world, and when English eyes read this assertion they need make no allowance for the fact that it is an Australian who makes it. There is no other ground on which so many people can comfortably see the game. There is a members' pavilion, which seats fully 2,000 men; a ladies' stand within the members' reserve, which accommodates 2,000 of the fair sex; and a grand stand and a smokers' stand which will hold several thousand people. To all these the admission is by extra payment only. The ordinary being, who is satisfied with his modest "bob's" worth, is provided with a grass covered embankment, while there is one covered stand, for admission to which no extra charge is made. Fancy that! A covered seat at a test match for one shilling. The members' pavilion suffers by comparison with the magnificent structure at Lord's, but nowhere have I seen so beautiful a building on a cricket ground as the ladies' pavilion at Sydney. It is an architectural dream, with its light iron girders and cross beams. This, and the stand for the shilling patrons, have only recently been erected. At the present time over 30,000 people may sit around the ground and watch a cricket match without once uncomfortably straining their necks.

One recent improvement is a scoring board which is absolutely unrivalled. By mechanical appliances each run is scored as it is made, every hit off the bowler is debited to him, each man's score appears while he is in,

and after he is out, and the bowling analysis, up to date, is represented to the spectator. Similar information is given in Adelaide (where the bowling analysis was first kept on the board), and in Melbourne, but the system has been perfected at Sydney. No sale for scoring cards out here! It is doubtful whether the steeply sloped asphalt bicycle track is an improvement from a cricket standpoint, though it makes a fine frame for the emerald picture it encircles. A full hundred thousand pounds has been spent on the Sydney ground, and all in twenty-one years!

In 1876 a hill occupied half the area now used; a creek ran at the foot of the slope; much of the rest was a swamp; now we have the magnificent ground I have briefly described. It is managed, on behalf of the public, by five trustees, of whom Mr. Philip Sheridan, a gentleman familiar to all English cricketers who have visited Australia, is the moving spirit. The trustees, in conjunction with the Melbourne Club, brought Stoddart's team to Australia in 1894-95, and have invited them again for this summer. When they are here Mr. Philip Sheridan and Major Wardill, the secretary of the Melbourne C.C., personally superintend the arrangements for their tour.

The Melbourne Club ground is nearly, though not quite, so magnificently appointed as that in Sydney. Very much about the same sum has been spent on each ground. The members' pavilion at Melbourne is a

handsome structure, and there is also a commodious ladies' stand ; but the feature of the accommodation is the half-crown stand, which during the present winter has had two wings added to it, and which will, I should say, next season seat about 7,000 people comfortably. Around the ground is an asphalted embankment which, if not so ornamental as the Sydney grass mound, nevertheless enables the spectators to secure a fine view of the game.

The Adelaide Oval, though not so splendidly appointed as the leading grounds in the other large cities, is a credit to a city of 120,000 people. It has two large pavilions and a smokers' stand. The Oval contains a larger playing area than any enclosed ground in the world. The breadth is not very unusual, although a ball is seldom hit over the heads of the crowd at square leg, but the length is extreme. When Dr. Grace was here six years ago he suggested that the two ends might be roped off to give the batsmen a chance. No one has from the centre hit a ball out of the ground, not even Lyons, or Bonnor, although Darling two seasons ago was caught on the edge of the grass off a magnificent straight drive. The ground is really too large, and men are often caught off strokes which would send the ball yards above the spectators on an ordinary ground. The Oval is managed by an association of representatives of various clubs, with Mr. John Creswell as the energetic secretary.

CHAPTER XIII

MY OWN PERFORMANCES IN ALL FIRST CLASS MATCHES

For	BATTING.					
	No. of Matches.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	No. of Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
South Australia v. Victoria..	21	36	2	2107	271	61.09
" " v. N. S. Wales	13	25	1	1028	206	47.97
Combined "Australian XI's..	4	6	1	94	23	15.6
1882 Australian XI. in Eng.	35	53	4	873	81	24.19
1884 " " "	32	51	1	1004	113	31.04
1886 " " "	36	63	9	1453	112	26.93
1888 " " "	32	53	1	1233	180	23.45
1890 " " "	31	49	1	1208	120	25.16
1893 Aust. XI. in America ..	3	5	0	120	62	24
1896 " " "	3	5	0	246	96	57.2
S. Australia v. Eng. XI's 1887	2	4	1	327	208	100
" " " 1891	1	2	0	29	27	14
" " " 1894-95	2	4	1	200	64	66.66
Test Matches in Australia, '82	2	3	0	46	30	15.33
" " " 1882-83	4	7	0	162	41	23.14
" " " 1884-85	2	5	0	77	47	15.4
" " " 1893	3	6	0	90	49	15
" " " 1894-95	5	9	0	475	161	52.79
Smokers v. Non-Smokers, Lord's, 1884	1	2	0	21	15	10.5
Totals ..	235	357	22	10687	271	29.77

Batting average in all First-Class Matches 29.77.

For	BOWLING.				
	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average.
South Australia v. Victoria..	1365	356	2272	183	17.84
" " v. N. S. Wales	780.4	228	1706	73	24.06
Combined "Australian XI's..	108.3	74	371	25	15.24
1882 Australian XI. in Eng.	259.3	120	728	32	22.73
1884 " " "	828	283	1613	80	19.67
1886 " " "	1099.2	723	2711	150	17.66
1888 " " "	1085.1	225	2580	142	18.14
1890 " " "	884.2	319	2257	117	19.29
1893 Aust. XI. in America ..	63.4	8	149	4	37.25
1896 " " "	00.1	0	000	0	37.9
S. Australia v. Eng. XI's 1887	127.1	70	341	11	30.70
" " " 1891	41	5	128	7	21.71
" " " 1894-95	167	26	345	18	30.33

MY PERFORMANCES IN FIRST-CLASS MATCHES 211

BOWLING (continued).

For	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
Test Matches in Australia, '83	243	7	84	2	27
" " 1883-83	81	23	164	8	27.5
" " 1884-86	1863	71	248	11	31.63
" " 1892	1303	23	397	15	28.46
" " 1894-95	843.2	111	835	34	24.11
Smokers v. Non-Smokers, Lord's, 1884	7	2	18	0	—
Totals ..	8451.4	2578	1536	940	19.71

Bowling average in First-Class Matches 19.71.

TEST MATCHES ONLY.

BATTING.

	No. of Matches.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	No. of Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
In Australia	18	30	0	809	161	28.33
In England, 1883	1	2	0	2	2	1
" 1884	3	4	0	116	23	99
" 1886	3	6	0	69	47	10
" 1893	3	5	0	91	23	18.2
" 1896	3	6	0	119	60	19.63
Totals ..	31	53	0	1328	161	23.25

Batting average in Test Matches 23.25.

BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
In Australia	7683	247	1783	70	25.47
In England, 1884	84	33	147	4	36.75
" 1886	158	74	234	4	68.5
" 1893	1714	59	342	16	21.37
" 1896	95	21	283	9	31.6
Totals ..	12771	434	2791	103	27.09

Bowling average in Test Matches 27.09.

CENTURIES IN FIRST-CLASS MATCHES.

SEVENTEEN.

For	Against	Date.	Where Played.	Score.
Australian XI. ..	Lancashire	June '84 ..	Manchester	113
" ..	Cambridge F & P ..	Aug. '86 ..	Leyton	119
South Australia ..	Vernon's Eleven ..	Dec. '87 ..	Adelaide	218
" ..	Victoria	Feb. '89 ..	Adelaide	160
" ..	Victoria	Dec. '88 ..	Melbourne	135
" ..	Victoria	Jan. '91 ..	Melbourne	237
" ..	Victoria	Nov. '91 ..	Adelaide	271
" ..	N. S. Wales	Jan. '92 ..	Sydney	120
" ..	Victoria	Mar. '93 ..	Adelaide	181
Australian XI. ..	Gloucester	May. '93 ..	Bristol	189
" ..	Yorkshire	June '93 ..	Bradford	171
South Australia ..	N. S. Wales	Dec. '93 ..	Adelaide	205
" ..	Victoria	Jan. '94 ..	Melbourne	108
Australia ..	Stoddart's Eleven ..	Dec. '94 ..	Sydney	141
Australian XI. ..	South of England ..	May '96 ..	Eastbourne	115
" ..	Hampshire	July '96 ..	Southampton	120
South Australia ..	N. S. Wales	Jan. '97 ..	Sydney	104*

* Indicates not out.

THE HAT TRICK.

For.	Against.	Date.	Where Played.
Australian XI. ..	Lancashire	June '84..	Manchester
South Australia ..	Vernon's Eleven ..	Oct '87 ..	Adelaide
Australian XI. ..	Eleven of England	June '86..	Wembley Park

ALL TEN WICKETS IN AN INNINGS.

For 1884 Australian Eleven v. Combined Australia at Sydney, February 1884,
10 wickets for 66 runs.

One performance beyond the pale of First-Class Cricket is, I believe unique in Australia. In January, 1883, for the Norwood Club v. the Adelaide Club I took all 10 wickets for 149 runs, and then carried my bat through the innings for 172 runs.



STUMP & CO.,

J. CRESWELL,

ADELPHI, C.

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CRIBTON,

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W. G. GRACE.

BRIGHTON.

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APPENDIX

HINTS FOR YOUNG CRICKETERS

BATTING.

ONE of the characteristics which have marked the development of cricket during the past twenty or twenty-five years has been the increased attention devoted to batting in preference to bowling. The result has been marvellous improvement in the most popular branch of the game, and there are now in Australia, as well as in England, a larger number of first-class batsmen than ever there were before; not merely more numerically, but more in proportion to the number of votaries of the game. Further, the standard of batting has vastly improved of recent years. I would not go so far as to say that the cricketers of the present age are naturally more talented than their forefathers; but that batting generally is more scientific and more artistic than it was a quarter of a century ago will be readily admitted. The improvement which has taken place in wickets may be held accountable in great measure for the better style in

batting; but the sound coaching which a great many young players receive nowadays has a marked influence in the same direction. Every young cricketer, however, has not the opportunity of receiving verbal advice from experienced cricketers, or even of watching the celebrated men of his day play; and, although an ounce of practice may be worth a ton of theory, in the provinces, far away from the hum of the city and the sight of a well-regulated oval, the lad may improve his style if he will carefully practise the precepts which famous players have put into print for his instruction.

A boy cannot begin too early to mould his style. It is surprising how unconsciously he will drop into faults, and equally surprising how difficult he will find it to get rid of them if he once allows them to become habits. Clear eyes, strong nerves, and flexible wrists, may enable a batsman who does not possess any extensive knowledge of the science of the game to make runs, and a player of this sort is generally a hitter; but add to these physical advantages a thorough mastery of technique, and you ought to have a batsman fit to hold his own in the very best company in the land.

The lad who wishes to turn his natural advantages to the best account must begin by acquiring a good attitude as he stands at the wicket. I have seen some great batsmen stand in such awkward positions that it has seemed wonderful to me that they have been able to make great scores. For instance, there is A. J. Webbe,

one of the most prolific run-getters Middlesex has had, who stands firmly fixed with his feet stretched wide apart. How he is able to make some strokes is beyond me. Then there is A. N. Hornby, another heavy scorer, who would take guard, I believe, on the leg stump, then, standing with his toe just clear of the stump, have the point of the bat down by the heel of his right foot, with the blade hugging his leg. These have both been great and successful batsmen, but one could not recommend either of them as a model. Some excellent judges advise the young player to stand well up, making use of every inch of his height, with the feet about a foot apart. Now to my mind it is more advantageous to assume an easier attitude; to stand with the knees bent ever so little, just as though one were ready to dash away for a hundred yards' sprint. Notice how A. E. Stoddart stands to receive the ball. His attitude is gracefully easy, and he looks as if he would jump out and thump every ball, but he by no means does that, as from his preliminary position he can if necessary readily get back.

It is important to know how to hold the bat. I like to get the ball of my left hand as near the top of the handle as possible, while I have the upper part of the right hand nearly touching the lower part of the left. One of the secrets of the science of defence is to so clasp the right hand round the handle that it can be readily slipped down when the batsman is driven back. A few

batsmen of the stonewalling type get their right hand away down by the shoulder of the bat, but this plan cannot be recommended. No ; I say let the batsman hold the handle well towards the top, gripped firmly but not rigidly, with the left elbow well up, and his legs a foot or so apart, then he is ready to meet the bowling, and to play forward or back as the particular ball demands.

There are some batsmen who, from the character of their temperament, invariably cast caution to the winds and force the play ; but much as their exhibitions when they are successful may delight the spectators, they ought not to be imitated by the young player. The great essential in defence is to play with a straight bat, and to that end one must keep the left elbow well up. You may play forward or back, but don't hit with your bat slanting outwards from your body. It depends entirely upon the condition of the pitch whether you should play forward or back. In Australia, where wickets are invariably so true and fast, forward play is almost universal ; in fact, with a great many batsmen it is merely a mechanical motion exercised without judgment. Most of them play *at*, not *to*, the pitch of the ball. That is to say, they will play forward to a short ball, the pitch of which they cannot possibly reach, trusting to its coming along truly and meeting the face of the bat. This is generally safe enough until you meet a tricky bowler or find yourself on a queer wicket,

then you wish you could resist the inclination to step forward at every ball. In England, where wickets, generally speaking, are not so good as those in Australia, the batsman cannot safely indulge in persistent forward play, unless, like Bonnor, he can take a gigantic stride. The plan, then, he should endeavour to adopt, is never to play forward unless he can reach the ball as it pitches, or within two or three inches of the pitch, with his bat at the correct angle; that is to say, with the foot of the blade several inches nearer the wicket than the top of the handle is. You will sometimes see a batsman who is fond of scratching forward gradually enticed further and further, until at last he makes a stroke with the bat slanting in the direction of the ball; then you see the ball fly in the air, and probably "caught and bowled" goes down after the batsman's name. If the bat is slanted the other way the ball will naturally be kept along the sward.

Equally in playing back is it absolutely necessary to hold the bat at the right angle. The bat, as I have said, must be clasped firmly, and yet not rigidly. I have seen young batsmen grip the top of the handle as tightly as though it were all that remained between them and a watery grave, and not relax the clutch in the slightest when they were driven back. With breaks from bowlers like McKibbin and Peel to combat, they will find that unless they move the right hand down the handle they will have very little control over the blade, and may make

one of those so-called mis-hits which sometimes look so soft and foolish.

So far as the inexperienced lad is concerned, he may well rest content if he can stay at the crease, keeping down the good length straight bowling, and scoring off loose balls; but there are in these days batting masters who, so long as the wicket is hard and fast, defy all canons regarding a straight bat, and with their bats nearer to the horizontal than to the perpendicular, make a sharp, wristy stroke, which hooks the ball round to square leg, and even to fine leg. It is all very well for a good batsman to pull when the ball is pitched very short, but Prince Ranjitsinhji, Clem Hill, Syd Gregory, and F. S. Jackson, will hook a good length ball with precision and certainty that is little short of marvellous. The Prince and Clem make a large proportion of their runs with these hooks; but then they are both phenomenal batsmen, and it would be disastrous if every lad in a town or village club tried to copy their methods. Let him adhere to the old orthodox rule of playing with a perpendicular bat.

Now I will deal with some of the legitimate strokes which may be attempted by the beginner without breaking any of the fundamental rules which govern batting. A stroke which yields a great proportion of runs in these days of good wickets is the drive. An over-pitched ball is one which should invariably be scored from. If it is on the leg stump a beautiful swinging hit can be made.



S. HAWKINS & CO.,

BRIGHTON

HIRST,

A Member of Stoddart's '97 Team.



C. HAWKINS & CO.

STICHTON.

WAINWRIGHT.

A Member of Stoddard's '97 Team.

This is one of W. G.'s great strokes, and Harry Trott also executes it splendidly. They often lift the ball, but not always. If the ball is well over-pitched a little outside the off stump it ought to be driven between mid-off and extra mid-off. But with men like Attewell, Hearne, Trumble, and Howell bowling, if a batsman waits till he gets an over-pitched ball to drive he may wait a long time. Bowlers with their pace and accuracy of pitch can seldom be driven from the pitch, but they often drop the ball short, and even though it may be dead on the off stump, and not safe to cut, it may be driven between the bowler and mid-off. A batsman needs strong wrists to get much force into this stroke, but I have often seen the ball clipped to the boundary.

So far I have only dealt with the driving of balls which are either considerably over-pitched or else short. One, however, frequently sees the medium and slow bowlers pitch balls just a little beyond a good length, and it is sad to notice how many of them are not scored from. Most of these ought to be driven, and that, too, by getting out to the ball, although the batsman must be careful when he leaves his crease once or twice lest the wily bowler lures him too far out for an effective stroke. You need not be afraid to use your feet if you are going to drive; but, whatever you do, put all your force into your strokes. Some batsmen, such, for instance, as Stoddart and Darling, get to the ball with a jump or bound when they are going to drive, while others, like Graham and Gregory,

take two or three quick steps. But in driving you ought to be at great pains to get well over the ball. You may lift it, but in doing so you require to be extra judicious in placing it, or you will be caught by long field off or long field on. I have already warned you to beware of the ball dropping shorter than you expected. If after you have started to go out you find the ball hangs, the only thing to do is to plump the bat down as nearly as possible to the pitch, taking care to get as much over the ball as you possibly can. You really give up all idea of trying to score from it, and are content to smother it in the same way as you do when you are making a defensive forward stroke and find that you have been deceived in the length. While most batsmen jump in to meet the ball when they drive, I have seen Lyons and McDonnell stand fast-footed and straight drive even balls pitched a trifle short.

There is an effective stroke which comparatively few batsmen make for the reason that it involves no little risk, and that is the cover-hit—a cross between a drive and a cut, and partaking somewhat of each. In his time no batsman could excel Hugh Massie in making the cover hit, and Lyons in these days is its chief exponent. These batsmen would get on to a ball soon after it rose from the pitch, which other batsmen, timing later, would genuinely cut. The least bit mistimed and the cover hit gives cover-point a sharp chance; but on the other hand it is a stroke which, well made, gets the ball to the ring

at a terrific pace. Stoddart occasionally makes it splendidly, and so does F. G. J. Ford; but the stroke both these batsmen make approaches more nearly the true forward cut.

The cut, after all, is the most attractive stroke; but in these days of off-theory bowling it has led to the downfall of many a batsman. The bowler, with his field packed on the off, can lay so many traps and pitfalls; for instance, a ball which is just a little over-pitched and well out to the off. The batsman needs to be exceedingly wary in cutting at this, for he might find it flying from the upper edge of his bat. There are two ways of cutting: one, and this is more generally adopted, to put your left foot across, keeping the right as a pivot; and the other to put the right foot across. The former movement enables you to forward cut, that is, to make the ball fly past point's right hand; the latter gives you the back cut, the sweetest of strokes. Stoddart, Abel, and Gregory make the late cut as crisply and safely as any batsmen I know. Gregory also practises a variation of the ordinary method by waiting till the ball is almost in a line with the wicket, and then patting it down, and he gets a deal of force into it, too. Darling and Iredale square cut beautifully, and Gunn is the great master of the forward cut; in fact, we have generally found that it paid to have a fieldsman on the chains to stop the great Notts batsman's stroke—in other words, to give him one run to save four. The greatest all-round exponent of

cutting is Prince Ranjitsinhji, whose timing is marvellous. At his best W. G. was incomparable in cutting, and Murdoch was also a great master of the stroke. It was a treat to watch the two champions finding the opening between cover-point and slip, no matter how the bowler tried to block their cuts.

LEG-HITTING during recent years has become almost extinct; as one writer has put it, a lost art. And yet I doubt if there is any other stroke which gives the batsman more inward satisfaction than the leg-hit. Let him get a ball at a good pace a bit outside his legs, and if he times it nicely what a thrill passes through him as the ball bounds away for four with the speed of thought. The reason that so little leg-hitting is seen is that there is so much off-theory bowling. Even bowlers like Peel and Briggs, when the wicket is good, with their leg-breaks pitch mostly on the off-stump and break away. If they bowled more at the stumps an occasional loose one might be hit to leg, though on account of the leg-break in their bowling the batsman has to be careful how he tries to hit to leg. The easiest ball to hit to leg is that which breaks from the off, but unfortunately for the batsman the off-break length bowlers pitch very few balls inside the off-stump. Occasionally one is offered to the batsman as a dainty luxury, but oftener than not he will not, through want of practice, take advantage of the opportunity. The finest leg-hitter I have seen was Tom Horan, who seldom missed an opportunity to score off a leg-ball.

There are two methods of hitting to leg. One is to reach the left leg well forward and hit as near to the pitch as possible. The other way is to stand well up, watch the ball from the pitch, and as it passes hit round at it. This stroke, however, requires exceedingly careful timing, and unless the wicket is very true, it is dangerous, because the ball may fly into one's face. Archie McLaren makes this stroke with exceeding grace and precision, although in the famous Melbourne test match of 1895 he ended his innings of 121 by swinging right round and knocking down his wicket after he had hit the ball for four.

But if there is not much true leg-hitting, hundreds of runs are made with the glide. A batsman receives a fair number of balls just outside the leg stump, though not far enough away to be hit to long leg, or, because their length is so good, to square leg, but runs should be made off every one of them. The bat is held at an outward angle in front of the left leg, and the ball will go to square leg, or short leg, mostly for singles or twos, but if the bowling is fast, for threes and even fours. The fact that usually two men only are placed on the on-side of the field by most bowlers makes this a stroke which ought to be specially cultivated, for even if you make a mis-hit there is seldom any one at hand to catch it. W. G., Shrewsbury, Gunn, Moses, and Hill all excel at this stroke, and it has made hundreds of runs for me. When I was a youngster I saw some batsmen get

the ball away to leg by lifting the left leg, but the stroke was inelegant and needless, and cannot be recommended.

Now I should like to emphasise that no amount of theory can make a lad a batsman. He must practise assiduously, and the best practice he can get is at medium pace bowling. The great secret of run-getting is timing the ball. All the written instructions that could be compressed into a volume would not teach how to time a ball. Practice alone will do that. When the lad can time his strokes, and when he has mastered the cuts, the drives, and the on-side play, he can begin to place the ball. He may hit ever so hard and play ever so correctly, but the runs will not come unless he can find unguarded tracks between the sentries. When the batsman goes in, he should take a mental picture of the field, and especially be on the look-out for any particularly big gap. The bowler may cunningly block a fancy late cut, but to do so perhaps he has to do away with his extra mid-off—then see what a chance the batsman is afforded! Endeavour to place the ball just as much at practice as you do in a match, and when you are practising be as earnest as though you are actually playing a match on which depends the championship of your league. Don't go in with a strap of your leg-guards undone, or without any pad at all, as I have often seen lads do, but buckle up as you would in a match, then go to the wicket and play every ball with all the judgment you possess. Avoid

getting into loose ways, or you will find them developing into habits.

I have heard the advice given to a batsman to play with extreme caution at the commencement of his innings. This I do not think is altogether wise. Be cautious, of course, but not over-cautious. If you get a nice half-volley outside the off-stump, why should you gently put it down to mid-off, when, without the slightest risk, you could as easily clip it for four?

While you are waiting about for your innings, do not keep your attention too strained on the game. One may see a batsman, already padded, sit in the shade of the dressing-room, staring at the match which is being played in the bright sun for an hour or two. The wicket falls. He quickly takes off his coat and walks out to the wicket, and perhaps is bowled right away. The ball is a simple one, and he wonders what is the matter. Simply this—that for one thing by sitting still for so long he has slightly numbed his joints, and for another thing the glare of the sun into which he has so suddenly come has blurred his vision. The batsmen who are waiting for their innings should always endeavour to sit in the same light in which they are going to bat, or better still, to stroll casually about while they are waiting.

One most important point connected with batting is running between the wickets. Really it is almost heart-rending to see the immense number of runs, to say nothing of the wickets, which are lost through bad judgment. A

batsman wants to study the pace at which the ball is travelling. I have known a man refuse to make an easy run when he has played the ball slowly towards mid-off, and directly afterwards he has, regardless of consequences, "bolted" when he has given the ball a good hard clip in the same direction, because "it was worth four"; but hits do not always realise their full value, and the batsman who thus bolts is often run out. Then the batsman should notice, with exceeding care, whether particular fieldsmen return with the right or the left hand. If a man, say at cover, can only throw with the right, and the ball goes to his left, a run may be made when he has to move three or four yards to reach the ball. Always back up as the ball is bowled. When the ball goes to the long field, judge while you are running the first run if there is time for a second, but if you cannot see it, as is often the case, rely on your partner's call. Run the first run briskly, and then if the ball is mis-fielded, you may often steal a second. Above all things, remember the old adage, "He who hesitates is lost." If you are called, go, and make a dash for it; momentary hesitation oftener than not proves fatal. It is wonderful how two smart runners may disorganise a brilliant lot of fieldsmen, if, understanding each other thoroughly, and each placing implicit reliance in the other's judgment, they back up well, and dash without hesitation whenever there is the least opportunity. As an instance, I may mention here the exhibition of running between the wickets which

Graham and Gregory gave at Lord's, in the first test match in 1896, when they put on 142 for the sixth wicket. For a time they had the English fieldsmen quite disorganised.

BOWLING.

One is sorry to see how, speaking comparatively, bowling is disregarded and neglected. Watch half a dozen lads go out to practice, and you will probably see them all rush for the bat; no one is particularly eager to bowl. Yet bowling is equally as important as batting, and, more than that, bowling affords grand exercise. Why, W. H. Cooper, the Australian slow bowler of the early 'eighties began his cricket when he took up bowling as a means of providing the exercise ordered by his medical adviser.

Why is it that bowling is not more popular? The improvement which has taken place in the general character of wickets is, in a large measure, accountable for the disinclination of the average cricketer to bother about trundling. The fact of the matter is, that invariably in Australia, and during a fairly fine season in England, the batsman has all the best of it. Indeed, in Australia it is almost heart-breaking for a bowler to have to "wheel them up" on the perfect pitches, which do not give him the least assistance.

Various suggestions have been made having for their object the equalising of the contest between bat and ball. A larger wicket and extra men in the field have been

proposed, but I do not like either of these ideas. I have, however, been considerably impressed by the suggestion that all hits should be run out; that is to say, that the playing area of our big grounds should be surrounded by a fence, or net, and that the batsman should run until the ball is returned and dead. Such a rule would considerably diminish scoring. At the present time some batsmen simply stand at the wicket and belt fourers, sometimes without having to run a yard, whereas if they had to run until the ball was returned they would become tired and get out sooner. Runs would, in fact, be harder to earn, which would certainly not be unfair to batsmen. I think I can claim to look at this from a batsman's as well as a bowler's point of view, and I am strongly of opinion that there is a good deal in the suggestion. But this is merely by the way, and I must proceed to give some hints to young bowlers.

First of all, and I really think it should come foremost, I would say to the beginner practise, and never tire of practice. Whereas no cricketer can possibly, however much he practises, become a great batsman unless Nature has bestowed upon him good eyesight and supple wrists, he need not necessarily possess special natural advantages to become a really good bowler. A strong frame no doubt gives its possessor an advantage; but a keen intellect will compensate the bowler for some physical disadvantages, if he will only practise and use his intellect. To me it is one of the most attractive features

about bowling that one has to think, to study. Not only in a match, but at practice, the bowler's brain should be hard at work all the time studying the strokes of the batsmen, and deciding upon a method whereby their defence may be broken through. You cannot practise bowling too much, any more than you can batting. There are bowlers who have a splendid natural swing of the arm, who bowl a good length ball, and who, if the pitch helps them, can get wickets; but where are they when the conditions favour the batsmen? Then give me the bowler who uses his head, who schemes to mystify the batsmen by changing the pace and the pitch.

There is a point which may seem immaterial, and yet I do not think it is. When you are young, carefully measure the distance you mean to run before delivering the ball, and always run the same distance. After a little practice you will not need to measure the distance; your eye should be able to gauge it at a glance. And do not run too far. Some of the fast bowlers, notably Richardson, Jones, and Kortright, take a very long run, presumably to get up steam, but one could never understand why Ferris, a medium-pace bowler, should have taken such an extraordinary run. Kortright, who sends in the first few balls as fast as anybody, takes a longer run than any one else. Some bowlers have a notion that if they run a long way they upset the equanimity of the batsmen. They may bother very young wielders of the

willow, but I doubt whether experienced batsmen take any notice of the bowler with a long run until he gets near the crease.

The great object to be attained by a bowler is a thorough command over his bowling. A considerable amount of patient practice will be necessary before a young bowler will be able to bowl, knowing where each ball is going to pitch ; but until he can do so he cannot hope to achieve permanent success. Too many youngsters run away with the idea that if they can only make the ball break they are fine bowlers. This is most erroneous. I have seen many a lad's bowling ruined simply through his trying to turn the ball too much. In his effort to break he would lose his length. Let the lads first of all devote their energies to obtaining a command over their length, trusting the while to the bias which the ball naturally takes from the off.

Do not bowl too fast at first. If you do you will lose your length. Erratic bowling may secure an occasional wicket ; but, on the other hand, the batsman is delighted when your tearaway bowler goes on. He says to himself, " Here's a good time for me. I must make the most of it." There is plenty of time after you have learned how to keep a good length to put on the pace if you want to.

When he has obtained a thorough command over his bowling, and finds that he can keep a length which will constrain batsmen to the defensive, the young bowler

may safely begin to think of cultivating breaks, and varying the flight of the ball. A good break will often beat a batsman; but more men are, I think, deceived by a variation in pace or length. The slow or medium-pace bowler, for instance, should not fail to try an occasional fast one. I have got a lot of wickets this way. The batsman has perhaps been feeling at the ball, and with as little change as possible in my action, I have bowled a ball about the same length, only faster than those which preceded it, and I have seen the wicket go down as the defender was shaping to repeat his former easy forward stroke.

One often sees a bowler who keeps a splendid length, but who never varies his pace. He always has to be watched, but he really plays the batsmen into form. A fast ball, if he got a good one in, would be more deadly than all the length balls. But when you do try the fast one it must be a good length; if it is too short it will probably be punished. Similarly, a fast bowler may with great advantage try the effect of a good length medium-pace ball. I know many a young bowler who, by keeping down the runs, thinks he is doing valuable service for his side, and so he is if there is a deadly bowler at the other end; but really there are a vast number of useless maiden overs bowled, and all because some bowlers are afraid that if they vary their length and pace they will be hit. They forget that, besides themselves, there are ten men in the field ready to make a catch, and that so soon as

they begin to mix their bowling the batsman is more likely to make a mistake.

One of the best balls that can be bowled as a variation is one which is tossed a little higher than those which have preceded it, yet drops shorter. Peate earned many of his wickets in this way. The batsman would think the ball was coming right up to him, and would play forward, only to find it drop some inches in front of his bat, and he would make a soft, fatal stroke. This is a ball which I have bowled a good deal myself with considerable success.

A yorker is a splendid ball to try, particularly upon a batsman who has just come in. A bad yorker is easily dispatched for four, but a good one takes a deal of playing.

The observant bowler will soon notice if a batsman does not relish a particular kind of ball, and then he should not fail to ply him with it, though he may not get the fatal one in for some time. But do not use a ball like this too promiscuously. It should be tried with discretion, otherwise the batsman will not experience much trouble when it is sent down.

It may seem to be of small moment, but a bowler may deceive a batsman by his facial expression as he comes up to deliver a ball. Briefly, what I mean is this. Supposing that when he delivers one ball his countenance wears a particularly determined expression, a pleasant smile accompanying the next, and perhaps more difficult ball, may deceive the batsman.



S. HAWKINS & CO.,

BRIGHTON.

BOARD.

A Member of Stoddart's '97 Team.



G. HAWKINS & CO.,

BRIGHTON.

W. STORER.
A Member of Stoddart's '97 Team.

Although one does not perhaps set as much store on making the ball break as some bowlers do, nevertheless one recognises the value of break bowling, more especially on wickets which are of such a character as will help the natural bias the ball takes. The right-hand bowler, of course, turns the ball a little naturally from the off, and the left-hander from the right-hand batsman's leg. By dint of assiduous practice, however, the width of the break may be increased, and a bowler may learn to break both ways. He should try to utilise his break to the best advantage, by which I mean that he should, having found just how much the wicket helps him, try to turn the ball so that if it beats the batsman it will hit the wicket. Spofforth was in this respect the greatest master of the break I have known. Men like A. G. Steel and Lohmann could turn the ball both ways with rare judgment; but neither could make it do so much as Spofforth.

The bowler who can make the ball do more than any one I have seen at his pace is Tom McKibbin. It is really wonderful how much, even on Australian wickets, he can break both from off and leg. When he reached England, and got on to the sticky wickets, it was almost ludicrous to watch the attempts of some of the batsmen to play him. He would bowl a ball pitched several inches outside the off stump, which would break in past the leg stump. The next one, perhaps, would be pitched outside the leg stump, and the batsman would attempt to

make a leg hit only to find his off stump levelled. What has made it more difficult for batsmen to play McKibbin is that he so effectively conceals from the batsman any indication of the way the ball is going to break. This is more than most bowlers can do, although they resort to all kinds of devices.

Skilfully, however, though McKibbin turns the ball, even he sacrifices something for his break. His length, particularly when he tries the leg break, is often very faulty, hence runs come very freely from his bowling; but then he often compensates his side, when the length as well as the break are all right, by beating a great batsman with an unplayable ball.

As a general rule, one cannot recommend the young bowler to bother about being able to break from both sides. If he has a good off break let him make the most of it. George Palmer was a striking example of what may happen to a bowler who troubles too much about breaking from both sides of the wicket. Palmer, who had a beautiful delivery, could bowl as fine an off break as any one, and with it secured some fine analyses; but he became smitten with a notion that a similar ball coming back from the other side would be awkward to play, and forthwith he cultivated a leg break. What happened? He would occasionally get a warm one in; but the batsman could generally tell when it was coming, and his bowling became more expensive than it had ever been before. However much a bowler can make the ball

break, he should never disdain to try a plain straight one, especially after some slowish ones.

There is no doubt that the great secret of successful bowling is *variation* of pace and length and break, and this cannot be impressed too strongly upon the young trundler. Most of the greatest bowlers of past years, for instance, Spofforth, Peale, Lohmann, and A. G. Steel, never tired of worrying a batsman with intent to deceive. They gave him no rest.

FIELDING.

If bowling be neglected nowadays, what can be said of fielding? One seldom sees cricketers practising fielding. The long side-nets which have come into vogue diminish the opportunity for practice, and one has seen no systematic attempts, of recent years, to make opportunities. Even where side-nets are not used (and most youngsters have to be content with back-nets), very little enthusiasm is thrown into the fielding at practice. You perhaps see two or three lads, who are neither batting nor bowling, standing in a knot chatting until the ball is driven past them, and one of them has to run after it. This is no fancy picture, for I have repeatedly seen it. First-class cricketers in England, of course, receive plenty of practice in actual contests; but in Australia fewer big matches are played, and a real game once a week is all the leading players have. It is to Australia, of course, I allude when I say that fielding is neglected. And yet

what an influence fielding exercises in a match ! Give me a side of men who will hold all the chances which are offered, and our opponents on the best of wickets will seldom exceed 250 runs.

Not only, however, are chances missed, but ground fielding is neither as brilliant nor as accurate as it should be. In my young days we had a custom of spending some time every night in throwing the ball to each other, sometimes on the full, sometimes making it hop, while we would work as hard when a man was batting as though a match were in progress. Therefore, as in batting and bowling, so in fielding, I would impress upon the young player above all things else to practise, and practise thoroughly. There is no excuse for the cricketer who cannot field. Some may be faster and more brilliant than others, but every player ought to be able to catch, to stop the ball, and to return it well.

A player, especially if he be placed before the wicket, should closely watch the ball as it pitches, and notice how the batsman shapes to play it. He may then anticipate the direction in which the ball will travel, and may make a yard or two from the position in which he is standing by the time it is struck. To this end he must stand in an easy attitude, one from which he can spring without the loss of a fraction of a second. He must never get "on his perch," as the saying goes, that is to say he must not wander off into a brown study from which he is only awakened by the ball coming in his



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A SAFE FIELD.

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FIELDING.—BACKING UP.

direction. It is annoying in the extreme to a captain to see a fieldsmen stand stock still, perhaps at cover or third man, until the ball is past him, and then move after it. Watch men like Gregory and Briggs. See how keenly alert they are from the moment the bowler starts to bowl, and how, by anticipating strokes, they often cover several yards, and stop a hit which would pass most fieldsmen.

While men standing behind the wicket must be equally alert, they need not attempt to anticipate the strokes. The ball often goes with the speed of thought to them, giving them no time to move far, and they can fairly assume that the captain, in consultation with the bowler, has placed them where they are most likely to get chances.

The fieldsmen further away should, wherever possible, make ground towards the ball, and this advice applies specially if they are standing in the "country." Many a second run is obtained through a man in the long-field waiting for the ball to come to him instead of dashing in to meet it.

Always try to get both hands to the ball. Often, of course, you can only with a desperate effort reach it with one; but I have frequently seen a man essay to make a catch, or stop a ball, with one hand when he could easily have got two to it. It may look clever to field with one hand, but if the ball is missed how foolish the delinquent appears!

Always back up another fieldman if you possibly can, and particularly do not fail to double bank the wicket-keeper or the bowler, when the ball is being returned.

An important branch of fielding is the returning of the ball. Wild returns are apt to give away a great many runs, and there is nothing, save of course the missing of an easy catch, which annoys a bowler more. He may stand being hit for two or three ; but to see the ball, after it has been fielded, thrown over the wicket-keeper's head or yards away from him and two or three more runs scored, is exasperating. By dint of great practice you should be able to pick up and return the ball from the in-field with practically one action, although, if you have time, it pays better to pause a moment and take aim. The American baseballers are an object-lesson in throwing. See them throw to the bases. They do not let fly with the ball haphazard, as it were, but invariably pause for a moment, poise themselves, and take deliberate aim. When they do throw, the ball is propelled at a tremendous pace to the baseman, and it is always straight and of the right height to be turned to the best account. The moment they lose in taking aim is compensated for by the deadly accuracy of their throw. Cricketers should practise returning the ball. How many do ? Watch them in practice. If they field zealously, the ball is generally returned softly and carelessly to the bowler, who is nowhere near the stumps (of course he has no need to be, inasmuch as no batsmen are running).

The men in the in-field should return the ball on the full to just above the top of the stumps, so that the wicket-keeper or bowler may easily take it and put it on to the bails. Those in the long-field should return the ball so that it will reach the wicket with one hop.

Catching is, of course, the most important element in fielding, particularly when a bowler is on who "bowls for the field." There is no royal road to proficiency in catching, and no amount of written theory will teach a lad the way to catch. That can only be acquired by constant practice.

It may be noticed that I have not attempted to offer any advice to aspiring wicket-keepers. The position of wicket-keeper is the only one in the whole field in which I have not had plenty of experience; but I fancy of wicket-keepers it can be said with truth that they are born, not made. Practice may improve an "Aunt Sally," as Jack Blackham calls his class, but unless he has natural genius, besides great courage, a lad is not likely to become a star wicket-keeper. In support of my contention that wicket-keepers are "born, not made," I can cite the career of Blackham who, unless I am mistaken, had done practically no wicket-keeping when John Conway came across him as a lad of sixteen or seventeen and, seeing him whip off the bails, realised at a glance that he was a cut above the ordinary run of stumpers. Blackham was probably as naturally dexterous then as ever he was. Of course experience with different styles of bowling must enable a

wicket-keeper to become more proficient but, I repeat again, unless a lad has been specially gifted by nature, he is not likely to develop into a Blackham or a Pilling.

Again I would emphasise this—that every cricketer should by practising become a good and safe, if not a brilliant fieldsman; but I cannot express too strongly my belief in the necessity for systematic fielding as well as batting and bowling practice.

